Bussy D'Ambois:

A TRAGEDIE:

As it hath been often Acted with great Applause.

Being much corrected and amended by the Author before his death.

LONDON:
Printed by *A. N.* for *Robert Lunne*.
1641.

A TRAGEDIE

As it hath been often Acted with great Applause.

Being much corrected and amended by the Author before his death.

LONDON:
Printed by *A. N.* for *Robert Lunne.*
1641.

Prologue.

NOt out of confidence that none but wee
Are able to preſent this Tragedie,
Nor out of envie at the grace of late
It did receive, nor yet to derogate
From their deſerts, who give out boldly, that
They move with equall feet on the ſame flat;
Neither for all, nor any of ſuch ends,
Wee offer it, gracious and noble friends,
To your review, wee farre from emulation
(And charitably judge from imitation)
With this work entertaine you, a peece knowne
And ſtill beleev'd in Court to be our owne,
To quit our claime, oubting our right or merit,
Would argue in us poverty of ſpirit
Which we muſt not ſubſcribe to: Field *is gone*
Whoſe Action firſt did give it name, and one
Who came the neereſt to him, is denide
By his gray beard to ſhew the height and pride

Of D'Ambois *youth and bravrrie; yet to hold*
Our title ſtill a foot, and not grow cold
By giving it o're, a third man with his beſt
Of care and paines defends our intereſt;
As Richard *he was lik'd, nor doe wee feare,*
In perſonating D'Ambois, *hee'le appeare*
To faint, or goe leſſe, ſo your free conſent
As heretofore give him encouragement.

Buſſy

Buſſy D'Ambois:

A

TRAGEDIE.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter Buſſy D' Ambois poore.

FOrtune, not Reaſon, rules the ſtate of things,
Reward goes backwards, Honor on his head;
Who is not poore, is monſtrous; only Need
Gives forme and worth to every humane ſeed.
As Cedars beaten with continuall ſtormes,
So great men flouriſh; and doe imitate
Unskilfull ſtatuaries, who ſuppoſe
(In forming a Coloſſus) if they make him
Stroddle enough, ſtroot, and look bigg, and gape,
Their work is goodly: ſo men meerely great
(In their affected gravity of voice,
Sowerneſſe of countenance, manners cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the ſpawne of Fortune)
Think they beare all the Kingdomes worth before them;
Yet differ not from thoſe Coloſſick Statues,
Which with Heroique formes without o're-ſpread,
Within are nought but morter, flint and lead.
Man is a Torch borne in the winde; a Dreame
But of a ſhadow, ſumm'd with all his ſubſtance;
And as great Seamen uſing all their wealth
And skills in *Neptunes* deepe inviſible pathes,

In tall ſhips richly built and ribd with braſſe,
To put a Girdle round about the world,
When they have done it (comming neere their Haven)
Are faine to give a warning peece, and call
A poore ſtaid fiſher-man, that never paſt
His Countries ſight, to waſt and guide them in:
So when we wander furtheſt through the waves
Of Glaſſie Glory and the Gulfes of State,
Topt with all Titles, ſpreading all our reaches,
As if each private Arme would ſphere the earth,
Wee muſt to vertue for her guide reſort,
Or wee ſhall ſhipwrack in our ſafeſt Port. *Procumbit.*

Monſieur with two Pages.

There is no ſecond place in Numerous State
That holds more than a Cypher: In a King
All places are contain'd. His words and looks
Are like the flaſhes and the bolts of *Iove*,
His deeds inimitable, like the Sea
That ſhuts ſtill as it opes, and leaves no tracts,
Nor prints of Preſident for meane mens facts:
There's but a Thred betwixt me and a Crowne;
I would not wiſh it cut, unleſſe by nature;
Yet to prepare me for that poſſible Fortune,
Tis good to get reſolved ſpirits about mee.
I follow'd *D' Ambois* to this greene Retreat;
A man of ſpirit beyond the reach of feare,
Who (diſcontent with his neglected worth)
Neglects the light, and loves obſcure Abodes;
But hee is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to beare ſtate, and flouriſh;
In his Riſe therefore ſhall my bounties ſhine:
None lothes the world ſo much, nor loves to ſcoffe it,
But gold and grace will make him ſurfet of it.
What, *D' Ambois?*

Buſſ. He ſir.

Monſ. Turn'd to Earth, alive?
Up man, the Sunne ſhines on thee.

Buſſ. Let it ſhine.
I am no mote to play in't, as great men are.
Monſ. Calleſt thou men great in ſtate, motes in the ſunne?
They ſay ſo that would have thee freeze in ſhades,
That (like the groſſe Sicilian Gurmundiſt)
Empty their Noſes in the Cates they love,
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the Banquet Fortune ſets before thee
And thou wilt loath leane Darkneſſe like thy Death.
Who would beleeve thy mettall could let ſloth
Ruſt and conſume it? If *Themiſtocles*
Had liv'd obſcur'd thus in th' Athenian ſtate,
Xerxes had made both him and it his ſlaves.
If brave *Camillus* had lurckt ſo in Rome,
He had not five times beene Dictator there,
Nor foure times triumpht. If *Epaminondas*
(Who liv'd twice twenty yeeres obſcur'd in Thebs)
Had liv'd ſo ſtill, he had beene ſtill unnam'd,
And paid his Country nor himſelfe their right:
But putting forth his ſtrength, he reſcu'd both
From imminent ruine; and like burniſht Steele,
After long uſe he ſhin'd; for as the light
Not only ſerves to ſhew, but render us
Mutually profitable; ſo our lives
In acts exemplarie, not only winne
Our ſelves good Names, but doe to others give
Matter for vertuous Deeds, by which wee live.
Buſſ. What would you wiſh me?
Monſ. Leave the troubled ſtreames,
And live where Thrivers doe at the Well-head.
Buſſ. At the Well head? Alas what ſhould I doe
With that enchanted Glaſſe? See devils there?
Or (like a ſtrumpet) learne to ſet my looks
In an eternall Brake, or practiſe jugling,
To keepe my face ſtill faſt, my heart ſtill looſe;
Or beare (like Dames Schoolmiſtreſſes their Riddles)
Two Tongues, and be good only for a ſhift;
Flatter great Lords, to put them ſtill in minde

Why they were made Lords : or pleaſe humorous Ladies
With a good carriage, tell them idle Tales,
To make their Phyſick work ; ſpend a mans life
In ſights and viſitations, that will make
His eyes as hollow as his Miſtreſſe heart:
To doe none good, but thoſe that have no need ;
To gaine being forward, though you break for haſte
All the Commandements ere you break your faſt ;
But Beleeve backwards, make your Period
And Creeds laſt Article, I beleeve in God :
And (hearing villanies preacht) t'unfold their Art
Learne to commit them, 'Tis a great mans Part.
Shall I learne this there ?

Monſ. No, thou needſt not learne,
Thou haſt the Theorie, now goe there and practiſe.

Buſſ. I, in a thrid-bare ſuit ; when men come there,
They muſt have high Naps, and goe from thence bare :
A man may drowne the parts of ten rich men
In one poore ſuit ; Brave Barks, and outward Gloſſe
Attract Court Loves, be in parts ne're ſo groſſe.

Monſ. Thou ſhalt have Gloſſe enough, and all things fit
T'enchaſe in all ſhew thy long ſmothered ſpirit :
Be rul'd by me then. The old Scythians
Painted blinde Fortunes powerfull hands with wings,
To ſhew her gifts come ſwift and ſuddenly,
Which if her Favorite be not ſwift to take,
He loſes them for ever. Then be wiſe : *Exit Monſ.*
Stay but a while here, and I'le ſend to thee. *Manet Buſſ.*

Buſſ. What will he ſend ? ſome Crowns ? It is to ſow them
Upon my ſpirit, and make them ſpring a Crowne
Worth Millions of the ſeed Crownes he will ſend.
Like to diſparking noble Husbandmen,
Hee'll put his Plow into me, Plow me up :
But his unſweating thrift is policie,
And learning-hating policie is ignorant
To fit his ſeed-land ſoyl ; a ſmooth plain ground
Will never nouriſh any politick ſeed ;
I am for honeſt Actions, not for great :

If

If I may bring up a new faſhion,
And riſe in Court for vertue; ſpeed his plow:
The King hath knowne me long as well as hee,
Yet could my Fortune never fit the length
Of both their underſtandings till this houre.
There is a deepe nicke in times reſtleſſe wheele
For each mans good, when which nicke comes it ſtrikes;
As Rhetorick, yet workes not perſwaſion,
But only is a meane to make it worke:
So no man riſeth by his reall merit,
But when it cries Clincke in his Raiſers ſpirit.
Many will ſay, that cannot riſe at all,
Mans firſt houres riſe is firſt ſtep to his fall:
I'le venture that; men that fall low muſt die,
As well as men caſt headlong from the skie.

Ent. Maſſe.

Humor of Princes! Is this wretch indu'd
With any merit worth a thouſand Crownes?
Will my Lord have me be ſo ill a Steward
Of his Revenue, to diſpoſe a ſumme
So great with ſo ſmall cauſe as ſhewes in him?
I muſt examine this: Is your name *D'Ambois*?

Buſſ. Sir.

Maſſ. Is your name *D'Ambois*?

Buſſ. Who have we here?
Serve you the Monſieur?

Maſſ. How?

Buſſ. Serve you the Monſieur?

Maſſ. Sir, y'are very hot. I doe ſerve the Monſieur;
But in ſuch place as gives me the Command *Table Chesbord*
Of all his other ſervants: And becauſe *& Tapers behind*
His Graces pleaſure is, to give your good *the Arras.*
His Paſſe through my Command, Me thinks you might
Vſe me with more reſpect.

Buſſ. Crie you mercy.
Now you have opened my dull eies, I ſee you;
And would be glad to ſee the good you ſpeake of:

What might I call your name?
Maff. Monſieur *Maffe.*
Buſſ. Monſieur *Maffe?* Then good Monſieur *Maffe,*
Pray let me know you better.
Maff. Pray doe ſo,
That you may uſe me better. For your ſelfe,
By your no better outſide, I would judge you
To be ſome Poet; Have you given my Lord
Some Pamphlet?
Buſſ. Pamphlet?
Maff. Pamphlet ſir, I ſay.
Buſſ. Did your great Maſters goodneſſe leave the good
That is to paſſe your charge, to my poore uſe,
To your diſcretion?
Maff. Though he did not ſir,
I hope 'tis no rude office to aske reaſon,
How that his Grace gives me in charge goes from me?
Buſſ. That's very perfect ſir.
Maff. Why very good ſir;
I pray then give me leave: If for no Pamphlet,
May I not know what other merit in you,
Makes his compunction willing to relieve you?
Buſſ. No merit in the world ſir.
Maff. That is ſtrange.
Y'are a poore ſouldier, are you?
Buſſ. That I am ſir.
Maff. And have Commanded?
Buſſ. I, and gone without ſir.
Maff. I ſee the man: A hundred Crownes will make him
Swagger, and drinke healths to his Graces bountie;
And ſweare he could not be more bountifull.
So there's nine hundred Crounes ſav'd; here tall ſouldier,
His grace hath ſent you a whole hundred Crownes.
Buſſ. A hundred ſir? Nay doe his Highneſſe right;
I know his hand is larger, and perhaps
I may deſerve more than my outſide ſhewes:
I am a Poet, as I am a Souldier,
And I can Poetiſe; and (being well encourag'd)

May ſing his fame for giving; yours for delivering
(Like a moſt faithfull Steward) what he gives.
Maff. What ſhall your ſubject be?
Buſſ. I care not much,
If to his bounteous Grace I ſing the praiſe,
Of faire great Noſes, And to you of long ones.
What Qualities have you ſir (beſide your chaine
And velvet Jacket) Can your worſhip dance?
Maff. A pleaſant fellow faith: It ſeemes my Lord
Will have him for his Jeſter; And berlady
Such men are now no fooles, 'Tis a Knights place:
If I (to ſave his Grace ſome Crounes) ſhould urge him
T'abate his Bountie, I ſhould not be heard;
I would to heaven I were an errant Aſſe,
For then I ſhould be ſure to have the Eares
Of theſe great men, where now their Jeſters have them:
Tis good to pleaſe him, yet Ile take no notice
Of his preferment, but in policie
Will ſtill be grave and ſerious, leſt he thinke
I feare his woodden dagger: Here ſir Ambo,
D' Amb. How, Ambo ſir?
Maff. I is not your name Ambo?
D' Amb. You call'd me lately *D' Amboys*, has your Worſhip
So ſhort a head?
Maff. I cry thee mercy *D' Amboys.*
A thouſand Crownes I bring you from my Lord;
If you be thriftie and play the good husband, you may make
This a good ſtanding living, 'Tis a Bountie,
His Highneſſe might perhaps have beſtow'd better.
D' Amb. Goe, y'are a Raſcall; hence, Away you Rogue.
Maff. What meane you ſir?
D' Amb. Hence; prate no more;
Or by thy villans bloud thou prat'ſt thy laſt:
A Barbarous Groome, grudge at his maſters Bountie:
But ſince I know he would as much abhorre
His hinde ſhould argue what he gives his friend,
Take that Sir, for your aptneſſe to diſpute. *Exit.*
Maff. Theſe Crownes are ſet in bloud, bloud be their fruit.

Henry, Guise, Montsurry, Elenor, Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte, Pyra, Annable.

Henr. Duchesse of Guise, your Grace is much enricht,
In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will initiate her Prime of youth,
(Dispos'd to Court conditions) under the hand
Of your prefer'd instructions and Command,
Rather than any in the English Court,
Whose Ladies are not matcht in Christendome,
For gracefull and confirm'd behaviours;
More than the Court where they are bred is equall'd.
Guis. I like not their Court-fashion, it is too crestfalne,
In all observance; making Demi-gods
Of their great Nobles; and of their old Queene
An ever-yong and most immortall Goddesse.
Mont. No question shee's the rarest Queene in Europe.
Guis. But what's that to her Immortality?
Henr. Assure you Cosen Guise, so great a Courtier,
So full of majestie and Roiall parts,
No Queene in Christendome may vaunt her selfe,
Her Court approves it, That's a Court indeed;
Not mixt with Clowneries us'd in common houses;
But, as Courts should be th'abstracts of their kingdomes,
In all the Beautie, State, and Worth they hold;
So is hers, amplie, and by her inform'd.
The world is not contracted in a man,
With more proportion and expression,
Than in her Court, her Kingdome: Our French Court
Is a meere mirror of confusion to it:
The King and subject, Lord and every slave,
Dance a continuall Haie; Our Roomes of State,
Kept like our stables; no place more obsery'd
Than a rude Market-place: and though our Custome
Keepe this assur'd confusion from our eyes,
'Tis nere the lesse essentially unsightly,
Which they would soone see, would they change their forme

To

To this of ours, and then compare them both;
Which we muſt not affect, becauſe in Kingdomes,
Where the Kings change doth breed the Subjects terror,
Pure Innovation is more groſſe than error.

Mont. No Queſtion we ſhall ſee them imitate
(Though a farre off) the faſhions of our Courts,
As they have ever Ap't us in attire;
Never were men ſo weary of their skins,
And apt to leape out of themſelves as they;
Who when they travell to bring forth rare men,
Come home delivered of a fine French ſu t:
Their Braines lie with their Tailors, and get babies
For their moſt compleat iſſue; Hee's ſole heire
To all the morall vertues, that firſt greetes
The light with a new faſhion, which becomes them
Like Apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men.

Henr. No Queſtion they much wrong their reall worth,
In affectation of outlandiſh Scumme;
But they have faults, and we more; They fooliſh-proud,
To jet in others plumes ſo haughtely;
We proud, that they are proud of foolerie,
Holding our worthes more compleat for their vaunts.

Enter Monſieur, D' Ambois.

Monſ. Come mine owne ſweet heart I will enter thee.
Sir, I have brought a Gentleman to court;
And pray, you would vouchſafe to doe him grace.

Henr. D' Ambois, I thinke.

D' Amb. That's ſtill my name, my Lord, though I be ſomething altered in attire.

Henr. We like your alteration, and muſt tell you,
We have expected th'offer of your ſervice;
For we (in feare to make mild vertue proud)
Vſe not to ſeeke her out in any man.

D' Amb. Nor doth ſhe uſe to ſeeke out any man:
They that will winne, muſt wooe her.

Monſ. I urg'd her modeſtie in him, my Lord, and gave her thoſe Rites, that he ſayes ſhee merits.

Henr. If you have woo'd and won, then Brother weare him.

Monſ. Th'art mine, ſweet heart; See here's the Guiſes Duches; The Counteſſe of Mountſurreaue, *Beaupre*; come I'le enſeame thee. Ladies, y'are too many to be in Counſell: I have here a friend, that I would gladly enter in your Graces.

D' Amb. 'Save you Ladyes.

Duch. If you enter him in our Graces, my Lord, me thinkes by his blunt behaviour, he ſhould come out of himſelfe.

Tam. Has he never beene Courtier, my Lord?

Monſ. Never, my Lady.

Beaup. And why did the Toy take him inth'head now?

D' Amb. Tis leape yeare, Lady, and therefore very good to enter a Courtier,

Henr. Marke Ducheſſe of Guiſe, there is one is not baſhfull.

Duch. No my Lord, he is much guilty of the bold extremity.

Tam. The man's a Courtier at firſt ſight.

D' Amb. I can ſing prickſong, Lady, at firſt ſight; and why not be a Courtier as ſuddenly?

Beaup. Here's a Courtier rotten before he be ripe.

D' Amb. Thinke me not impudent, Lady, I am yet no Courtier, I deſire to be one, and would gladly take entrance (Madam) under your Princely Colours.

Enter Barriſor, L' Anou, Pyrlot.

Duch. Soft ſir, you muſt riſe by degrees, firſt being the ſervant of ſome common Lady or Knights wife, then a little higher to a Lords wife; next a little higher to a Counteſſe; yet a little higher to a Ducheſſe, and then turne the ladder.

D' Amb. Doe you alow a man then foure miſtreſſes, when the greateſt Miſtreſſe is alowed but three ſervants?

Duch. Where find you that ſtatute ſir?

D' Amb. Why be judged by the Groome-porters.

Ducheſſe. The Groome-porters?

D' Amb. I Madam, muſt not they judge of all gamings i'th' Court?

Ducheſſe. You talke like a gameſter.

Gui. Sir, know you me?

D' Amb. My Lord?

Gui. I know not you: Whom doe you ſerve?

D' Amb. Serve, my Lord?

Gui. Go

Gui. Go to Companion; Your Courtſhip's too ſaucie.

D' Amb. Saucie? Companion? Tis the Guiſe, but yet thoſe termes might have beene ſpar'd of the Guiſerd.
Companion? He's jealous by this light: are you blind of that ſide Duke? Ile to her againe for that. Forth princely Miſtreſſe, for the honour of Courtſhip. Another Riddle.

Gui. Ceaſe your Courtſhippe, or by heaven Ile cut your throat.

D' Amb. Cut my throat? cut a whetſtone; young *Accius Nævius*, doe as much with your tongue as he did with a Raſor; cut my throat?

Bar. What new-come Gallant have wee heere, that dares mate the Guiſe thus?

L' An. Sfoot tis *D' Ambois*; The Duke miſtakes him (on my life) for ſome Knight of the new edition.

D' Amb. Cut my throat? I would the King fear'd thy cutting of his throat no more than I feare thy cutting of mine.

Gui. Ile doe't by this hand.

D' Amb. That hand dares not doe't; y'ave cut too many
Throats already Guiſe, and robb'd the Realme of
Many thouſand Soules, more precious than thine owne.
Come Madam, talk on; Sfoot, can you not talk?
Talk on I ſay. Another Riddle.

Pyr. Here's ſome ſtrange diſtemper.

Bar. Here's a ſudden tranſmigration with *D' Ambois*, out of the Knights Ward, into the Duches bed.

L' An. See what a Metamorphoſis a brave ſuit can work.

Pyr. Slight ſtep to the Guiſe and diſcover him.

Bar. By no meanes, let the new ſuit work, wee'll ſee the iſſue.

Gui. Leave your Courting.

D' Amb. I will not. I ſay Miſtreſſe, and I will ſtand unto it, that if a woman may have three ſervants, a man may have threeſcore Miſtreſſes.

Gui. Sirrha, Ile have you whipt out of the Court for this inſolence.

D' Amb. Whipt? Such another ſyllable out a th' preſence, if thou dar'ſt for thy Dukedome.

Gui.

Gui. Remember, Poultron.

Monſ. Pray thee forbeare.

Buſſ. Paſſion of death! Were not the King here, he ſhould ſtrow the Chamber like a ruſh.

Monſ. But leave Courting his wife then.

Buſſ. I wil not: Ile Court her in deſpight of him. Not Court her! Come Madam, talk on; Feare me nothing: Well mai'ſt thou drive thy Matter from the Court; but never *D' Ambois.*

Monſ. His great heart will not down, tis like the Sea
That partly by his owne internall heat,
Partly the ſtarr's daily and nightly motion,
Their heat and light, and partly of the place
The divers frames, but chiefly by the Moone,
Briſtled with ſurges, never will be wonne,
(No, not when th' hearts of all thoſe powers are burſt)
To make retreat into his ſetled home,
Till he be crown'd with his owne quiet ſome.

Henr. You have the Mate. Another.

Gui. No more. *Flouriſh ſhort.*

Exit Guiſe, after him the King, Monſ. whiſpering.

Bar. Why here's the Lion skar'd with the throat of a dunghill Cock; a fellow that has newly ſhak'd off his ſhackles; Now does he crow for that victory.

L' An. Tis one of the beſt Jiggs that ever was acted.

Pyr. Whom does the Guiſe ſuppoſe him to be troe?

L'An. Out of doubt, ſome new denizond Lord; and thinks that ſuit newly drawne out a th' Mercers books.

Bar. I have heard of a fellow, that by a fixt imagination looking upon a Bulbaiting, had a viſible paire of hornes grew out of his forhead: and I beleeve this Gallant overjoyed with the conceit of Monſieurs caſt ſuit, imagines himſelfe to be the Monſieur.

L'An. And wh/ not? as well as the Aſſe, ſtalking in the Lions caſe, bare himſelfe like a Lion, braying all the huger beaſts out of the Forreſt?

Pyr. Peace, he looks this way.

Bar. Marrie let him look ſir; what will you ſay now if the Guiſe be gone to fetch a blanquet for him?

L' An

L'An. Faith I beleeve it for his honour ſake.

Pyr. But, if *D'Ambois* carrie it cleane? *Exeunt Ladies.*

Bar. True, when he curvets in the blanquet.

Pyr. I marrie ſir.

L'An. Sfoot, ſee how he ſtares on's.

Bar. Lord bleſſe us, let's away.

Buſſ. Now ſir, take your full view: how does the Object pleaſe ye?

Bar. If you aske my opinion ſir, I think your ſuit ſits as well as if't had beene made for you.

Buſſ. So ſir, and was that the ſubject of your ridiculous joylity?

L'An. What's that to you ſir?

Buſſ. Sir, I have obſerv'd all your fleerings; and reſolve your ſelves yee ſhall give a ſtrickt account for't.

Enter Briſac, Melynell.

Bar. O miraculous jealouſie! Doe you think your ſelfe
Such a ſingular ſubject for laughter, that none can fall into
The matter of our merriment but you?

L'An. This jealouſie of yours ſir, confeſſes ſome cloſe defect in your ſelfe, that wee never dream'd of.

Pyr. Wee held diſcourſe of a perfum'd Aſſe, that being diſguis'd in a Lions caſe, imagin'd himſelf a Lion: I hope that toucht not you.

Buſſ. So ſir: Your deſcants doe marvellous well fit this ground, we ſhall meet where your Buffonly laughters will coſt ye the beſt blood in your bodies.

Bar. For lifes ſake let's be gone; hee'll kill's outright elſe.

Buſſ. Goe at your pleaſures, Ile be your Ghoſt to haunt you, and yee ſleepe an't, hang me.

L'An. Goe, goe ſir, Court your Miſtreſſe.

Pyr. And be advis'd: we ſhall have odds againſt you.

Buſſ. Tuſh, valour ſtands not in number: Ile maintaine it, that one man may beat three boyes,

Briſ. Nay, you ſhall have no ods of him in number ſir: hee's a Gentleman as good as the proudeſt of you, and yee ſhall not wrong him.

Bar. Not ſir.

Mely. Not ſir: Though he be not ſo rich, hee's a better man than the beſt of you; And I will not endure it.

L'An. Not you ſir?

Bris. No sir, not I.

Buss. I should thank you for this kindnesse, if I thought these perfum'd musk-Cats (being out of this priviledge) durst but once mew at us.

Bar. Does your confident spirit doubt that sir? Follow us and try.

L' An. Come sir, wee'll lead you a dance. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secund. Scena prima.

Henry, Guise, Montsurry, and Attendants.

Henry. THis desperate quarrell sprung out of their envies
To *D' Ambois* sudden bravery, and great spirit.

Gui. Neither is worth their envie.

Henr. Lesse than either
Will make the Gall of Envie overflow;
She feeds on outcast entrailes like a Kite:
In which foule heape, if any ill lies hid,
She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up,
And hurl's it all abroad, that all may view it.
Corruption is her Nutriment; but touch her
With any precious oyntment, and you kill her:
Where she finds any filth in men, she feasts,
And with her black throat bruits it through the world;
(Being sound and healthfull) But if she but taste
The slendrest pittance of commended vertue,
She surfets of it, and is like a flie,
That passes all the bodies soundest parts,
And dwels upon the sores; or if her squint eie
Have power to find none there, she forges some:
She makes that crooked ever which is strait;
Call's Valour giddinesse, Iustice Tyrannie:
A wise man may shun her, she not her selfe;
Whither soever she flies from her Harmes,
She beares her Foe still clasp't in her own Armes:
And therefore cousen Guise let us avoid her.

Enter

Enter Nuncius.

Nuncius. What *Atlas* or *Olympus* lifts his head
So farre paſt Covert, that with aire enough
My words may be inform'd? And from their height
I may be ſeene, and heard through all the world?
A tale ſo worthy, and ſo fraught with wonder,
Sticks in my jawes, and labours with event.

Henr. Com'ſt thou from *D' Ambois?*

Nun. From him, and the reſt
His friends and enemies; whoſe ſterne fight I ſaw,
And heard their words before, and in the fray.

Henr. Relate at large what thou haſt ſeene and heard.

Nun. I ſaw fierce *D' Ambois*, and his two brave friends
Enter the Field, and at their heeles their foes;
Which were the famous ſouldiers, *Barriſor*,
L' Anou, and *Pyrrhot*, great in deeds of Armes:
All which arriv'd at the eveneſt peece of earth
The field afforded; The three Challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and ſtood ranckt:
When face to face the three Defendants met them,
Alike prepar'd, and reſolute alike,
Like bonfires of Contributorie wood,
Every mans look ſhew'd, Fed with eithers ſpirit,
As one had beene a mirror to another,
Like formes of life and death each took from other;
And ſo were life and death mixt at their heights,
That you could ſee no feare of death, for life;
Nor love of life, for death: But in their browes
Pyrrho's Opinion in great letters ſhone;
That life and death in all reſpects are one.

Henr. Paſt there no ſort of words at their encounter?

Nun. As *Hector*, twixt the Hoſts of Greece and Troy,
(When Paris and the Spartane King ſhould end
The nine yeares warre) held up his braſen launce
For ſignall, that both Hoſts ſhould ceaſe from Armes,
And heare him ſpeak: So *Barriſor* (adviſ'd)
Advanc'd his naked Rapier twixt both ſides,
Ript up the Quarrell, and compar'd ſix lives,

Then laid in ballance with ſix idle words,
Offer'd remiſſion and contrition too;
Or elſe that he and *D' Ambois* might conclude
The others dangers. *D' Ambois* lik'd the laſt;
But *Barriſors* friends (being equally engag'd
In the maine Quarrell) never would expoſe
His life alone, to that they all deſerv'd.
And (for the other offer of remiſſion)
D' Ambois (that like a Lawrell put in fire,
Spakl'd and ſpit) did much much more than ſcorne,
That his wrong ſhould incenſe him ſo like chaffe,
To goe ſo ſoone out; and like lighted paper,
Approve his ſpirit at once both fire and aſhes:
So drew they lots, and in them Fates appointed,
That *Barriſor* ſhould fight with firie *D' Ambois*;
Pyrhot with *Melynell*; with *Briſac L' Anou*:
And then like flame and Powder they commixt,
So ſpritely, that I wiſht they had beene ſpirits,
That the ne're ſhutting wounds, they needs muſt open,
Might as they open'd, ſhut, and never kill:
But *D' Ambois* ſword (that lightned as it flew)
Shot like a pointed Comet at the face
Of manly *Barriſor*; and there it ſtucke:
Thrice pluckt he at it, and thrice drew on thruſts,
From him, that of himſelfe was free as fire;
Who thruſt ſtill as he pluckt, yet (paſt beliefe!)
He with his ſubtile eye, hand, body, ſcap't;
At laſt the deadly bitten point tugg'd off;
On fell his yet undaunted Foe ſo fiercely,
That (only made more horrid with his wound)
Great *D' Ambois* ſhrunke, and gave a little ground;
But ſoone return'd, redoubled in his danger,
And at the heart of *Barriſor* ſeal'd his anger:
Then, as in Arden I have ſeene an Oke
Long ſhooke with tempeſts, and his loftie toppe
Bent to his root, which being at length made looſe
(Even groaning with his weight) he gan to Nodde
This way and that: as loth his curled Browes

(Which

(Which he had oft wrapt in the skie with ſtormes)
Should ſtoope: and yet, his radicall fivers burſt,
Storme-like he fell, and hid the feare-cold Earth,
So fell ſtout *Barriſor*, that had ſtood the ſhocks
Often ſet Battels in your Highneſſe warre,
'Gainſt the ſole ſouldier of the world, Navarre.
Gui. O pitious and horrid murther!
Beau. Such a life
Me thinks had mettall in it to ſurvive
An age of men.
Henr. Such, often ſoonſt end.
Thy felt report cals on, we long to know
On what events the other have arriv'd.
Nun. Sorrow and fury, like two oppoſite fumes,
Met in the upper Region of a Cloud,
At the report made by this Worthies fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them roſe Revenge,
Entring with freſh powers his two noble friends;
And under that ods fell ſurcharg'd *Briſac*,
The friend of *D' Ambois*, before fierce *L' Anou*;
Which *D' Ambois* ſeeing, as I once did ſee
In my young travels through Armenia,
An angrie Vnicorne in his full cariere
Charge with too ſwift a foot a Jeweller,
That watcht him for the Treaſure of his brow;
And ere he could get ſhelter of a tree,
Naile him with his rich Antler to the Earth:
So *D' Ambois* ranne upon reveng'd *L' Anou*,
Who eying th'eager point borne in his face,
And giving backe, fell back, and in his fall
His foes uncurbed ſword ſtopt in his heart:
By which time all the life ſtrings of th'tw'other
Were cut, and both fell as their ſpirit flew
Vpwards: and ſtill hunt Honour at the view,
And now (of all the ſix) ſole *D' Ambois* ſtood
Vntoucht, ſave only with the others bloud.
Henr. All ſlaine outright but hee?
Nun. All ſlaine outright but he,

Who kneeling in the warme life of his friends,
(All freckled with the bloud his Rapier raind)
He kiſt their pale lips, and bade both farewell ;
And ſee the braveſt man the French earth beares.

Enter Monſieur, D'Amb. bare.

Buſſ. Now is the time, y'are Princely vow'd my friend,
Performe it Princely, and obtaine my pardon.

Monſ. Elſe Heaven forgive not me : Come on brave friend.
If ever Nature held her ſelfe her owne,
When the great Triall of a King and ſubject
Met in one bloud, both from one belly ſpringing :
Now prove her vertue and her greatneſſe One,
Or make the t'one the greater with the t'other,
(As true Kings ſhould) and for your brothers love,
(Which is a ſpeciall ſpecies of true vertue)
Doe that you could not doe, not being a King.

Henr. Brother I know your ſuit ; theſe wilfull murthers
Are ever paſt our pardon.

Monſ. Manly ſlaughter
Should never beare th'account of wilfull murther ;
It being a ſpice of juſtice, where with life
Offending paſt law, equall life is laid
In equall ballance, to ſcourge that offence
By law of reputation, which to men
Exceeds all poſitive law, and what that leaves
To true mens valours (not prefixing rights
Of ſatisfaction, ſuited to their wrongs)
A free mans eminence may ſupply and take.

Henr. This would make every man that thinks him wrong'd,
Or is offended, or in wrong or right,
Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themſelves,
Law-menders and ſupplyers though meere Butchers ;
Should this fact (though of juſtice) be forgiven ?

Monſ. O no, my Lord ; it would make Cowards feare
To touch the reputations of true men,
When only they are left to impe the law,
Juſtice will ſoone diſtinguiſh murtherous minds
From juſt revengers : Had my friend beene ſlaine,

(His

(His enemy ſurviving) he ſhould die,
Since he had added to a murther'd fame
(Which was in his intent) a murthered man;
And this had worthily beene wilfull murther:
But my friend only ſav'd his fames deare life,
Which is above life, taking th'under value,
Which in the wrong it did was forfeit to him;
And in this fact only preſerves a man
In his uprightneſſe; worthy to ſurvive
Millions of ſuch as murther men alive.

Henr. Well brother, riſe, and raiſe your friend withall
From death to life: and *D' Ambois*, let your life
(Refin'd by paſſing through this merited death)
Be purg'd from more ſuch foule pollution;
Nor on your ſcape, nor valour more preſuming,
To be againe ſo daring.

Buſſ. My Lord,
I lothe as much a deed of unjuſt death,
As law it ſelfe doth; and to Tyranniſe,
Becauſe I have a little ſpirit to dare,
And power to doe, as to be Tyranniz'd;
This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled)
I crave to double this my ſhort lifes gift,
And ſhall your royall bountie Centuple,
That I may ſo make good what law and nature
Have given me for my good: ſince I am free,
(Offending no Juſt law) let no law make
By any wrong it does, my life her ſlave:
When I am wrong'd and that law failes to right me,
Let me be King my ſelfe (as man was made)
And doe a juſtice that exceeds the law:
If my wrong paſſe the power of ſingle valour
To right and expiate; then be you my King,
And doe a Right, exceeding Law and Nature:
Who to himſelfe is law, no law doth need,
Offends no Law, and is a King indeed.

Henr. Enjoy what thou intreat'ſt, we give but ours. *Exit Rex*
Buſſ. What you have given, my Lord, is ever yours. *cum Beau.*
Gui. Who

Gui. Who would have pardon'd ſuch a murther? *Exit.*
Monſ. Now vaniſh horrors into Court attractions,
For which let this balme make thee freſh and faire,
And now forth with thy ſervice to the Ducheſſe,
As my long love will to Montſurries Counteſſe. *Exit.*
D'Amb. To whom my love hath long been vow'd in heart,
Although in hand for ſhew I held the Duchеſſe.
And now through bloud and vengeance, deeds of height,
And hard to be atchiev'd, tis fit I make
Attempt of her perfection, I need feare
No check in his Rivality, ſince her vertues
Are ſo renown'd, and hee of all Dames hated. *Exit.*

Enter Monſieur, Tamyra, and Pero with a Booke.

Monſ. Pray thee regard thine owne good, if not mine,
And cheere my Love for that; you doe not know
What you may be by me, nor what without me;
I may have power t'advance and pull downe any.
Tamy. That's not my ſtudy. One way I am ſure
You ſhall not pull downe me; my husbands height
Is crowne to all my hopes, and his retiring
To any meane ſtate, ſhall be my aſpiring:
Mine honour's in mine owne hands, ſpite of kings.
Monſ. Honour, what's that? your ſecond maydenhead:
And what is that? a word; the word is gone,
The thing remaines; the Roſe is pluckt, the ſtalk
Abides: an eaſie loſſe where no lack's found.
Beleeve it, there's as ſmall lack in the loſſe,
As there is paine ith' loſing: Archers ever
Have two ſtrings to a bow, and ſhall great *Cupid*
(Archer of Archers both in men and women)
Be worſe provided than a common Archer?
A Husband and a Friend all wiſe Wives have.
Tamy. Wiſe wives they are that on ſuch ſtrings depend,
With a firme husband joyning a loſe friend.
Monſ. Still you ſtand on your husband, ſo doe all
The common ſex of you, when y'are encounter'd
With one ye cannot fancie: all men know
You live in Court here by your owne election,

Frequent-

Frequenting all our common ſports and triumphs,
All the moſt youthfull company of men:
And wherefore doe you this? To pleaſe your husband?
Tis groſſe and fulſome: if your husbands pleaſure
Be all your Object, and you ayme at Honour,
In living cloſe to him, Get you from Court,
You may have him at home; theſe common Pur-ofs
For common women ſerve: my honour? husband?
Dames maritorious, ne're were meritorious:
Speak plaine, and ſay I doe not like you Sir,
Y'are an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye
And I am anſwer'd.

Tamy. Then I pray be anſwer'd:
For in good faith my Lord I doe not like you
In that ſort you like.

Monſ. Then have at you here:
Take (with a politique hand) this rope of Pearle;
And though you be not amorous, yet be wiſe:
Take me for wiſedom; he that you can love
Is nere the further from you.

Tamy. Now it comes
So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poyſon
Under a medicine as good cheap as it:
I will not have it were it worth the world.

Monſ. Horror of death: could I but pleaſe your eye,
You would give me the like, ere you would looſe me:
Honor and husband?

Tamy. By this light my Lord
Y'are a vile fellow: and Ile tell the King
Your occupation of diſhonouring Ladies
And of his Court: a Lady cannot live
As ſhe was borne, and with that ſort of pleaſure
That fits her ſtate, but ſhe muſt be defam'd
With an infamous Lords detraction:
Who would endure the Court if theſe attempts,
Of open and profeſt luſt muſt be borne?
Whoſe there? come on Dame, you are at your book.
When men are at your Miſtreſſe; have I taught you

Any ſuch waiting womans quality?
Monſ. Farewell good husband. *Exit Monſ.*
Tamira. Farewell wicked Lord.
Enter Mont.
Mont. Was not the Monſieur here?
Tam. Yes, to good purpoſe.
And your cauſe is as good to ſeek him too,
And haunt his company.
Mont. Why, what's the matter?
Tam. Matter of death, were I ſome husbands wife:
I cannot live at quiet in my chamber
For oportunities almoſt to rapes
Offerd me by him.
Mont. Pray thee beare with him:
Thou know'ſt he is a Bachelor, and a Courtier,
I, and a Prince: and their prerogatives
Are, to their lawes, as to their pardons are
Their reſervations, after Parliaments,
One quits another: forme gives all their eſſence:
That Prince doth high in vertues reckoning ſtand
That will entreat a vice, and not command:
So farre beare with him: ſhould another man
Truſt to his priviledge, he ſhould truſt to death:
Take comfort then (my comfort) nay triumph,
And crown thy ſelfe, thou part'ſt with victory:
My preſence is ſo onely deare to thee,
That other mens appeare worſe than they be.
For this night yet, beare with my forced abſence:
Thou know'ſt my buſineſſe; and with how much weight,
My vow hath charged it.
Tam. True my Lord, and never
My fruitleſſe love ſhall let your ſerious honour,
Yet, ſweet Lord, do no ſtay, you know my ſoule
Is ſo long time without me, and I dead
As you are abſent.
Mont. By this kiſſe, receive
My ſoule for hoſtage, till I ſee my love.
Tam. The morne ſhall let me ſee you.

Mont:

Mont. With the ſunne
Ile viſit thy more comfortable beauties.
Tam. This is my comfort, that the ſunne hath left
The whole worlds beauty ere my ſunne leaves me.
Mont. Tis late night now indeed: farewell my light. *Exit.*
Tam. Farewell my light and life: But not in him,
In mine owne dark love and light bent to another.
Alas, that in the wave of our affections
We ſhould ſupply it with a full diſſembling,
In which each youngeſt Maid is grown a Mother,
Frailty is fruitfull, one ſinne gets another:
Our loves like ſparkles are that brighteſt ſhine,
When they goe out; moſt vice ſhewes moſt divine:
Goe Maid, to bed, lend me your book I pray:
Not like your ſelfe, for forme, Ile this night trouble
None of your ſervices: Make ſure the dores,
And call your other fellowes to their reſt.
Per. I will, yet I will watch to know why you watch. *Exit.*
Tam. Now all yee peacefull regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languiſhing windes, and murmuring falls of waters,
Sadneſſe of heart, and ominous ſecureneſſe,
Enchantments, dead ſleepes, all the friends of reſt,
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmoſt ſtrengths; and this charm'd houre
Fix like the Center: make the violent wheeles
Of Time and Fortune ſtand; and Great Exiſtens
(The Makers treaſurie) now not ſeeme to be,
To all but my approaching friends and me:
They come, alas they come, feare, feare and hope
Of one thing, at one inſtant fight in me:
I love what moſt I loath, and cannot live
Unleſſe I compaſſe that which holds my death:
For lifes meere death loving one that loathes me,
And he I love, will loath me, when he ſees *The Vault opens.*
I flie my ſex, my vertue, my Renowne,
To runne ſo madly on a man unknowne.
See, ſee a Vault is opening that was never

Knowne to my Lord and husband, nor to any
But him that brings the man I love, and me;
How ſhall I looke on him? how ſhall I live
And not conſume in bluſhes, I will in; .
And caſt my ſelfe off, as I ne're had beene. *Exit.*

Aſcendit Frier and D' Ambois.

Frier. Come worthieſt ſonne, I am paſt meaſure glad,
That you (whoſe worth I have approv'd ſo long)
Should be the Object of her fearefull love;
Since both your wit and ſpirit can adapt
Their full force to ſupply her utmoſt weakneſſe:
You know her worths and vertues, for Report
Of all that know, is to a man a knowledge:
You know beſides, that our affections ſtorme,
Rais'd in our blood, no Reaſon can reforme.
Though ſhe ſeeke then their ſatisfaction,
(Which ſhe muſt needs, or reſt unſatisfi:d)
Your judgement will eſteeme her peace thus wrought,
Nothing leſſe deare, than if your ſelfe had ſought:
And (with another colour, which my Art
Shall teach you to lay on) your life muſt ſeeme
The onely agent, and the firſt Orbe Move,
In this our ſet, and cunning world of Love.

Buſſ. Give me the colour (my moſt honour'd Father)
And truſt my cunning then to lay it on.

Frier. Tis this, good ſonne; Lord *Barriſor* (whom you ſlew)
Did love her dearely, and with all fit meanes
Hath urg'd his acceptation, of all which
Shee keepes one letter written in his blood:
You muſt ſay thus then, That you heard from mee
How much her ſelfe was toucht in conſcience
With a Report (which is in truth diſperſt)
That your maine quarrell grew about her love,
Lord *Barriſor* imagining your Courtſhip
Of the great Guiſes Ducheſſe in the Preſence,
Was by you made to his elected Miſtreſſe;
And ſo made me your meane now to reſolve her,
Choſing (by my direction) this nights depth,

For

For the more cleare avoiding of all note
Of your preſumed preſence, and with this
(To cleare her hands of ſuch a Lovers blood)
She will ſo kindly thank and entertaine you,
(Me thinks I ſee how) I, and ten to one,
Shew you the confirmation in his blood,
Leſt you ſhould think report, and ſhe did faine,
That you ſhall ſo have circumſtantiall meanes,
To come to the direct, which muſt be uſed:
For the direct is crooked; Love comes flying;
The height of love is ſtill wonne with denying.

D'Amb. Thanks honoured Father.

Frier. Shee muſt never know
That you know any thing of any love
Suſtain'd on her part: For learne this of me;
In any thing a woman does alone,
If ſhe diſſemble, ſhe thinks tis not done;
If not diſſemble, nor a little chide,
Give her her wiſh, ſhe is not ſatisfi'd;
To have a man think that ſhe never ſeekes,
Does her more good than to have all ſhe likes:
This frailty ſticks in them beyond their ſex;
Which to reforme, reaſon is too perplex:
Urge reaſon to them, it will doe no good;
Humour (that is the charriot of our food
In every body) muſt in them be fed,
To carrie their affections by it bred.
Stand cloſe.

Enter Tamyra with a Book.

Tam. Alas, I feare my ſtrangeneſſe will retire him:
If he goe back, I die; I muſt prevent it,
And cheare his onſet with my ſight at leaſt,
And that's the moſt; though every ſtep he takes
Goes to my heart, Ile rather die than ſeeme
Not to be ſtrange to that I moſt eſteeme.

Frier. Madam.

Tamy. Ah!

Frier. You will pardon me, I hope,

That, ſo beyond your expectation,
(And at a time for viſitants ſo unfit)
I (with my noble friend here) viſit you:
You know that my acceſſe at any time
Hath ever beene admitted; and that friend
That my care will preſume to bring with me,
Shall have all circumſtance of worth in him,
To merit as free welcome as my ſelfe.

Tamy. O Father, but at this ſuſpicious houre
You know how apt beſt men are to ſuſpect us,
In any cauſe, that makes ſuſpicious ſhadow
No greater than the ſhadow of a haire:
And y'are to blame: what though my Lord and husband
Lie forth to night? and ſince I cannot ſleepe
When he is abſent, I ſit up to night,
Though all the dores are ſure, and all our ſervants
As ſure bound with their ſleepes; yet there is one
That wakes above, whoſe eye no ſleepe can binde:
He ſees through dores, and darkneſſe, and our thoughts;
And therefore as we ſhould avoid with feare,
To think amiſſe our ſelves before his ſearch;
So ſhould we be as curious to ſhunne
All cauſe that other think not ill of us.

D'Amb. Madam, 'tis farre from that: I only heard
By this my honour'd Father, that your conſcience
Made ſome deepe ſcruple with a falſe report;
That *Barriſors* blood ſhould ſomething touch your honour,
Since he imagin'd I was courting you,
When I was bold to change words with the Ducheſſe,
And therefore made his quarrell, his long love
And ſervice, as I heare, being deepely vowed
To your perfections, which my ready preſence
Preſum'd on with my Father at this ſeaſon,
For the more care of your ſo curious honour,
Can well reſolve your Conſcience, is moſt falſe.

Tam. And is it therefore that you come good ſir?
Then crave I now your pardon and my Fathers,
And ſweare your preſence does me ſo much good,

That

That all I have it bindes to your requitall:
Indeed ſir, 'tis moſt true that a report
Is ſpread, alleadging that his love to me
Was reaſon of your quarrell, and becauſe
You ſhall not think I faine it for my glory,
That he importun'd me for his Court ſervice,
I'le ſhew you his own hand, ſet down in blood
To that vaine purpoſe: Good Sir, then come in. *Exit Tamira*
Father I thank you now a thouſand fold. *and D' Amb,*
Fryar. May it be worth it to you honour'd daughter.
Deſcendit Fryar.

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus Tertij Scena Prima.

Enter D' Ambois, Tamyra, with a Chaine of Pearle.

D' Amb. SWeet Miſtreſſe ceaſe, your conſcience is too nice,
And bites too hotly of the Puritane ſpice.
Tam. O my deare ſervant, in thy cloſe embraces,
I have ſet open all the dores of danger
To my encompaſt honour, and my life:
Before I was ſecure againſt death and hell;
But now am ſubject to the heartleſſe feare,
Of every ſhadow, and of every breath,
And would change firmneſſe with an aſpen leafe:
So confident a ſpotleſſe conſcience is;
So weake a guilty: O the dangerous ſiege
Sinne layes about us? and the tyrannie
He exerciſes when he hath expugn'd:
Like to the horror of a Winters thunder,
Mixt with a guſhing ſtorme, that ſuffer nothing
To ſtirre abroad on earth, but their own rages,
Is ſinne, when it hath gathered head above us,
No roofe, no ſhelter can ſecure us ſo,
But he will drowne our cheeks in feare or woe.
D' Ambois. Sin is a coward Madam, and inſults
But on our weakneſſe, in his trueſt valour:
And ſo our ignorance tames us, that we let

His

His ſhadowes fright us: and like empty clouds
In which our faulty apprehenſions forge
The formes of Dragons, Lions, Elephants,
When they hold no proportion: the ſlie charmes
Of the witch policy makes him, like a Monſter
Kept onely to ſhew men for Servile money:
That falſe hagge often paints him in her cloth
Ten times more monſtrous than he is in troth:
In three of us, the ſecret of our meeting,
Is onely guarded, and three friends as one
Have ever beene eſteem'd: as our three powers
That in one ſoule, are, as one united:
Why ſhould we feare then? for my ſelfe I ſweare
Sooner ſhall torture be the Sire to pleaſure,
And health be grievous to one long time ſick,
Than the deare jewell of your fame in me,
Be made an out-caſt to your infamy;
Nor ſhall my value (ſacred to your vertues)
Onely give free courſe to it, from my ſelfe:
But make it flie out of the mouths of Kings
In golden vapours, and with awfull wings.

Tam. It reſts as all Kings ſeales were ſet in thee.
Now let us call my Father, whom I ſweare
I could extreamly chide, but that I feare
To make him ſo ſuſpicious of my love
Of which (ſweet ſervant) doe not let him know
For all the world.

D'Amb. Alas! he will not think it?

Tam. Come then —— ho? Father, ope, and take your friend.

Aſcendit Frier.

Frier. Now honour'd daughter, is your doubt reſolv'd.

Tam. I Father, but you went away too ſoone.

Fryer. Too ſoone?

Tam. Indeed you did, you ſhould have ſtayed;
Had not your worthy friend beene of your bringing,
And that containes all lawes to temper me,
Not all the fearefull danger that beſieged us,
Had aw'd my throat from exclamation.

Frier.

Fryer. I know your ſerious diſpoſition well.
Come ſonne the morne comes on.
D' Amb. Now honour'd Miſtreſſe
Till farther ſervice call, all bliſſe ſupply you.
Tamy. And you this chaine of pearle, and my love onely.
It is not I, but urgent deſtiny, *Deſcendit Frier and D' Amb.*
That (as great States-men for their generall end
In politique juſtice, make poore men offend)
Enforceth my offence to make it juſt:
What ſhall weak Dames doe, when th' whole work of Nature
Hath a ſtrong finger in each one of us?
Needs muſt that ſweep away the ſilly cobweb
Of our ſtill-undone labours; that layes ſtill
Our powers to it: as to the line, the ſtone,
Not to the ſtone, the line ſhould be oppos'd.
We cannot keepe our conſtant courſe in vertue:
What is alike at all parts? every day
Differs from other: every houre and minute:
I, every thought in our falſe clock of life,
Oft times inverts the whole circumference:
We muſt be ſometimes one, ſometimes another:
Our bodies are but thick clouds to our ſoules;
Through which they cannot ſhine when they deſire:
When all the ſtarres, and even the ſunne himſelfe,
Muſt ſtay the vapours times that he exhales
Before he can make good his beames to us:
O how can we, that are but motes to him,
Wandring at randon in his ordered rayes,
Diſperſe our paſſions fumes, with our weak labours,
That are more thick and black than all earths vapours?

Enter Mont.

Mon. Good day, my love: what up and ready too!
Tam. Both, (my deare Lord) not all this night made I
My ſelfe unready, or could ſleep a wink.
Mont. Alas, what troubled my true Love? my peace,
From being at peace within her better ſelfe?
Or how could ſleepe forbeare to ſeize thine eyes
When he might challenge them as his juſt priſe?

Tam. I am in no powre earthly, but in yours;
To what end ſhould I goe to bed my Lord,
That wholly miſt the comfort of my bed?
Or how ſhould ſleepe poſſeſſe my faculties,
Wanting the proper cloſer of mine eyes?
Mont. Then will I never more ſleepe night from thee:
All mine owne Buſineſſe, all the Kings affaires,
Shall take the day to ſerve them: Every night
Ile ever dedicate to thy delight.
Tam. Nay, good my Lord eſteeme not my deſires
Such doters on their humours, that my judgement
Cannot ſubdue them to your worthier pleaſure:
A wives pleas'd husband muſt her object be
In all her acts, not her ſooth'd fantaſie.
Mont. Then come my Love, Now pay thoſe Rites to ſleepe
Thy faire eyes owe him: ſhall we now to bed?
Tam. O no my Lord, your holy Frier ſayes,
All couplings in the day that touch the bed,
Adulterous are, even in the married;
Whoſe grave and worthy doctrine, well I know,
Your faith in him will liberally allow.
Mont. Hee's a moſt learned and Religious man:
Come to the Preſence then, and ſee great *D' Ambois*
(Fortunes proud muſhrome ſhot up in a night)
Stand like an *Atlas* under our Kings arme;
Which greatneſſe with him Monſieur now envies
As bitterly and deadly as the Guiſe.
Tam. What, he that was but yeſterday his maker?
His raiſer and preſerver?
Mont. Even the ſame.
Each naturall agent works but to this end,
To render that it works on, like itſelfe;
Which ſince the Monſieur in his act on *D' Ambois*,
Cannot to his ambitious end effect,
But that (quite oppoſite) the King hath power
(In his love borne to *D' Ambois*) to convert
The point of Monſieurs aime on his owne breaſt,
He turnes his outward love to inward hate:

A Princes love is like the lightnings fume,
Which no man can embrace, but muſt conſume. *Exeunt.*

Henry, D'Ambois, Monſieur, Guiſe, Dutches Annabell, Charlot, Attendants.

Henr. Speak home *Buſſy*, thy impartiall words
Are like brave Faulcons that dare truſſe a Fowle
Much greater than themſelves; Flatterers are Kites
That check at Sparrowes; thou ſhalt be my Eagle,
And beare my thunder underneath thy wings:
Truths words like jewels hang in th'eares of Kings.

Buſſ. Would I might live to ſee no Jewes hang there
In ſteed of jewels; ſycophants I meane,
Who uſe truth like the Devill, his true Foe,
Caſt by the Angell to the pit of feares,
And bound in chaines; truth ſeldome decks Kings eares:
Slave flattery (like a Rippiers legs rowl'd up
In boots of hay-ropes) with Kings ſoothed guts
Swadled and ſtrappl'd, now lives onely free.
O tis a ſubtle knave; how like the plague
Unfelt, he ſtrikes into the braine of man,
And rageth in his entrailes when he can,
Worſe than the poiſon of a red hair'd man?

Henr. Fly at him and his brood, I caſt thee off,
And once more give thee ſurname of mine Eagle.

Buſſ. Ile make you ſport enough then, let me have
My lucerns too, (or dogs inur'd to hunt
Beaſts of moſt rapine) but to put them up,
And if I truſſe not, let me not be truſted:
Shew me a great man (by the peoples voice,
Which is the voice of God) that by his greatneſſe
Bumbaſts his private roofes, with publique riches;
That affects royaltie, riſing from a clapdiſh;
That rules ſo much more by his ſuffering King,
That he makes Kings of his ſubordinate ſlaves:
Himſelfe and them graduate like woodmongers
(Piling a ſtack of billets) from the earth,
Raiſing each other into ſteeples heights;
Let him convey this on the turning props

Of Protean Law, and (his owne counſell keeping)
Keepe all upright; let me but hawlk at him,
Ile play the Vulture, and ſo thump his liver,
That (like a huge unlading Argoſea)
He ſhall confeſſe all, and you then may hang him.
Shew me a Clergie man, that is in voice
A Lark of Heaven, in heart a Mowle of earth;
That hath good living, and a wicked life;
A temperate look, and a luxurious gut;
Turning the rents of his ſuperfluous Cures
Into your Pheſants and your Partriches;
Venting their Quinteſſence as men read Hebrew:
Let me but hawlk at him, and, like the other,
He ſhall confeſſe all, and you then may hang him.
Shew me a Lawyer that turnes ſacred law
(The equall rendrer of each man his owne,
The ſcourge of Rapine and Extortion,
The Sanctuary and impregnable defence
Of retir'd learning, and beſieged vertue)
Into a Harpy, that eates all but's owne,
Into the damned ſinnes it puniſheth;
Into the Synagogue of theeves and Atheiſts;
Blood into gold, and juſtice into luſt:
Let me but hawlk at him, as at the reſt,
He ſhall confeſſe all, and you then may hang him.

Enter Mont-Surrey, Tamira, and Pero.

Gui Where will you find ſuch game as you would hawlk at?

Buſſ. Ile hawlk about your houſe for one of them.

Gui. Come, y'are a glorious Ruffin, and runne proud
Of the Kings headlong graces; hold your breath,
Or by that poyſon'd vapour not the King
Shall back your murtherous valour againſt me.

Buſſ. I would the King would make his preſence free
But for one bout betwixt us: By the reverence
Due to the ſacred ſpace twixt kings and ſubjects,
Here would I make thee caſt that popular purple,
In which thy proud ſoule ſits and braves thy ſoveraigne.

Monſ. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Buſſ. Let him peace firſt that made the firſt warre.
Monſ. He's the better man.
Buſſ. And therefore may doe worſt?
Monſ. He has more titles.
Buſſ. So *Hydra* had more heads.
Monſ. He's greater knowne.
Buſſ. His greatneſſe is the peoples, mine's mine owne.
Monſ. He's nobly borne.
Buſſ. He is not, I am noble.
And nobleſſe in his blood hath no gradation,
But in his merit,
Gui. Th'art not nobly borne,
But baſtard to the Cardinall of *Ambois.*
Buſſ. Thou lieſt proud Guiſerd; let me flie (my Lord.)
Henr. Not in my face; (my Eagle) violence flies
The Sanctuaries of a Princes eyes.
Buſſ. Still ſhall we chide? and fome upon this bit?
Is the Guiſe onely great in faction?
Stands he not by himſelfe? Proves he th'Opinion
That mens ſoules are without them? Be a Duke,
And lead me to the field.
Guiſ. Come, follow me.
Henr. Stay them, ſtay *D' Ambois*; Coſen Guiſe, I wonder
Your honour'd diſpoſition brooks ſo ill
A man ſo good, that only would uphold
Man in his native nobleſſe, from whoſe fall
All our diſſentions riſe; that in himſelfe
(Without the outward patches of our frailty,
Riches and honour) knowes he comprehends
Worth with the greateſt: Kings had never borne
Such boundleſſe Empire over other men,
Had all maintain'd the ſpirit and ſtate of *D' Ambois*;
Nor had the full impartiall hand of nature
That all things gave in her originall,
Without theſe definite terms of Mine and Thine,
Beene turn'd unjuſtly to the hand of Fortune,
Had all preſerv'd her in her prime, like *D' Ambois*;
No envie, no diſiunction had diſſolv'd,

Or pluck'd one ſtick out of the golden faggot,
In which the world of *Saturne* bound our lifes,
Had all beene held together with the nerves,
The genius and th'ingenious ſoule of *D' Ambois.*
Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rod
To part and reconcile, and ſo conſerve you,
As my combin'd embracers and ſupporters.

Buſſ. Tis our Kings motion, and we ſhall not ſeeme
(To worſt eies) womaniſh, though we change thus ſoone
Never ſo great grudge for his greater pleaſure.

Gui. I ſeale to that, and ſo the manly freedome
That you ſo much profeſſe, hereafter prove not
A bold and glorious licence to deprave:
To me his hand ſhall hold the Hermean vertue
His grace affects, in which ſubmiſſive ſigne
On this his ſacred right hand, I lay mine.

Buſſ. Tis well my Lord, and ſo your worthy greatneſſe
Decline not to the greater inſolence,
Nor make you think it a Prerogative,
To rack mens freedomes with the ruder wrongs;
My hand (ſtuck full of lawrell, in true ſigne
Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace)
In all ſubmiſſion kiſſeth th'other ſide.

Hen. Thanks to ye both: and kindly I invite ye,
Both to a banquet where weele ſacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of yours loves;
At which (faire Ladies) I entreat your preſence.
And hope you Madam will take one carowſe
For reconcilement of your Lord and ſervant.

Duches. If I ſhould faile my Lord, ſome other Lady
Would be found there to doe that for my ſervant.

Monſ. Any of theſe here?

Duches. Nay, I know not that. Lady.)

D' Amb. Think your thoughts, like my Miſtreſſe (honour'd

Tamy. I think not on you Sir, y'are one I know not.

D' Amb. Cry you mercy Madam, *Exeunt Henry,*

Montſ. Oh Sir, has ſhe met you? *D' Amb. Ladies*

Monſ. What had my bounty drunk when it rais'd him?

Gui.

Gui. Y'ave ſtuck us up a very worthy flag,
That takes more winde than we with all our ſailes.
Monſ. O ſo he ſpreds and flouriſhes.
Gui. He muſt downe,
Upſtarts ſhould never perch too neere a crowne.
Monſ. Tis true my Lord; and as this doting hand,
Even out of earth, (like *Juno*) ſtruck this Giant,
So *Joves* great ordinance ſhall be here implide
To ſtrike him under th' *Ætna* of his pride:
To which work lend your hands and let us caſt
Where we may ſet ſnares for his ranging greatnes:
I think it beſt, amongſt our greateſt women:
For there is no ſuch trap to catch an upſtart
As a looſe downfall: for you know their falls
Are th'ends of all mens riſing: if great men
And wiſe; make ſcapes to pleaſe advantage
Tis with a woman: women that woorſt may
Still hold mens candels: they direct and know
All things amiſſe in all men; and their women
All things amiſſe in them: through whoſe charm'd mouthes
We may ſee all the cloſe ſcapes of the Court:
When the moſt royall beaſt of chaſe, the Hart
(Being old, and cunning in his layres and haunts)
Can never be diſcovered to the bow
The peece or hound: yet where (behind ſome Queich)
He breaks his gall, and rutteth with his hinde,
The place is markt, and by his Venery
He ſtill is taken. Shall we then attempt
The chiefeſt meane to that diſcovery here,
And court our greateſt Ladies chiefeſt women,
With ſhewes of love, and liberall promiſes?
Tis but our breath. If ſomething given in hand,
Sharpen their hopes of more, 'twill be well ventur'd.
Gui. No doubt of that: and 'tis the cunningſt point
Of our devis'd inveſtigation.
Monſ. I have broken
The yce to it already with the woman
Of your chaſt Lady, and conceive good hope.

I ſhall

I ſhall wade thorow to ſome wiſhed ſhore
At our next meeting.

Monſ. Nay, there's ſmall hope there.

Guiſe. Take ſay of her my Lord, ſhe comes moſt fitly.

Monſ. Starting back?

Enter Charlot, Anable, Pero.

Gui. Y'are ingag'd indeed.

Char. Nay, pray my Lord forbeare.

Mont. What skittiſh, ſervant?

An. No my Lord, I am not ſo fit for your ſervice.

Char. Pray pardon me now my Lord? my Lady expects me.

Gui. Ile ſatisfie her expectation, as far as an Vnkle may.

Monſ. Well ſaid: a ſpirit of Courtſhip of all hands:
Now mine owne *Pero*: haſt thou remembred me
For the diſcovery I entreated thee to make of thy Miſtreſſe? ſpeak boldly, and be ſure of all things I have ſworne to thee.

Pero. Building on that aſſurance (my Lord) I may ſpeak: and much the rather, becauſe my Lady hath not truſted me with that I can tell you; for now I cannot be ſaid to betray her.

Monſ. That's all one, ſo wee reach our objects: forth I beſeech thee.

Per. To tell you truth, my Lord, I have made a ſtrange diſcovery.

Monſ. Excellent! *Pero* thou reviv'ſt me: may I ſink quick to perdition, if my tongue diſcover it.

Per. Tis thus then: This laſt night my Lord lay forth: and I watching my Ladies ſitting up, ſtole up at midnight from my pallat, and (having before made a hole both through the wall and arras to her inmoſt chamber) I ſaw *D' Ambois* and her ſelfe reading a letter.

Monſ. D' Ambois?

Per. Even he my Lord.

Monſ. Do'ſt thou not dreame wench?

Per. I ſweare, he is the man.

Monſ. The devill he is, and thy Lady his dam: Why this was the happieſt ſhot? that ever ſtewe the juſt plague of hypocriſie level'd it, Oh the infinite regions betwixt a womans tongue aud her heart: is this our Goddeſſe of chaſtity? I thought could

I could not be ſo ſleighted, if ſhe had not her fraught beſides: and therefore plotted this with her woman: never dreaming of *D'Amboys*. Deare *Pero* I will advance thee for ever: but tell me now: Gods pretious it transformes mee with admiration: ſweet *Pero*, whom ſhould ſhe truſt with this conveyance? Or, all the dores being made ſure, how ſhould his conveyance be made?

Per. Nay my Lord, that amazes me: I cannot by any ſtudy ſo much as gueſſe at it.

Monſ. Well, let's favour our apprehenſions with forbearing that a little: for if my heart were not hoopt with adamant, the conceipt of this would have burſt it: but heark thee. *Whiſpers.*

Mont. I pray thee reſolve mee: the Duke will never imagine that I am buſie about's wife: hath *D'Ambois* any privy acceſſe to her?

An. No my Lord, *D'Ambois* neglects her (as ſhee takes it) and is therefore ſuſpicious that either your Lady, or the Lady *Beaupre* hath cloſely entertain'd him.

Mont. Ber lady a likely ſuſpition, and very neere the life; eſpecially of my wife.

Monſ. Come, we'l diſguiſe all, with ſeeming onely to have courted; away dry palm: ſh'as a livor as dry as a biſket: a man may goe a whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempeſts from her windpipe.

Gui. Here's one, (I think) has ſwallowed a Porcupine, ſhee caſts pricks from her tongue ſo.

Mont. And here's a Peacock ſeemes to have devour'd one of the Alpes, ſhe has ſo ſwelling a ſpirit, & is ſo cold of her kindnes.

Char. We are no windfalls my Lord; ye muſt gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or we'l hang till we be rotten.

Monſ. Indeed that's the way to make ye right openarſes. But alas ye have no portions fit for ſuch husbands as we wiſh you.

Per. Portions my Lord, yes and ſuch portions as your principality cannot purchaſe.

Monſ. What woman? what are thoſe portions?

Per. Riddle my riddle my Lord.

Monſ. I marry wench, I think thy portion is a right riddle, a man ſhall never finde it out: but let's heare it.

Per. You ſhall my Lord.
What's that, that being moſt rar's moſt cheap ?
That when you ſow, you never reap ?
That when it growes moſt, moſt you in it ?
And ſtill you loſe it when you win it ?
That when tis commoneſt, tis deareſt,
And when tis fartheſt off, 'tis neereſt ?

Monſ. Is this your great portion ?

Per. Even this my Lord.

Monſ. Beleeve me I cannot riddle it.

Per. No my Lord, tis my chaſtity, which you ſhall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Monſ. Your chaſtity ? let me begin with the end of it ; how is a womans chaſtity neereſt a man, when tis furtheſt off ?

Per. Why my Lord, when you cannot get it, it goes to th' heart on you ; and that I think comes moſt neere you : and I am ſure it ſhall be farre enough off ; and ſo wee leave you to our mercies. *Exeunt women.*

Monſ. Farewell riddle.

Gui. Farewell Medlar.

Mont. Farewell winter plum.

Monſ. Now my Lords, what fruit of our inquiſition ? feele you nothing budding yet ? Speak good my Lord *Mountſurry.*

Mont. Nothing but this : *D' Ambois* is thought negligent in obſerving the Ducheſſe, and therefore ſhe is ſuſpicious that your Neece or my wife cloſely entertaines him.

Monſ. Your wife, my Lord ? Think you that poſſible ?

Mont. Alas, I know ſhe flies him like her laſt houre.

Monſ. Her laſt houre ? why that comes upon her the more ſhe flies it : Does *D' Ambois* ſo think you ?

Mont. That's not worth the anſwering ; Tis miraculous to think with what monſters womens imaginations engroſſe them when they are once enamour'd, and what wonders they will work for their ſatisfaction. They will make a ſheepe valiant, a Lion fearefull.

Monſ. And an Aſſe confident, well my Lord, more will come forth ſhortly, get you to the banquet.

Guiſe. Come my Lord, I have the blind ſide of one of them.

Exit

Exit Guiſe cum Mont.

Mounſ. O the unſounded Sea of womens bloods,
That when tis calmeſt, is moſt dangerous;
Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces,
When in their hearts are *Scylla* and *Caribdis*,
Which ſtill are hid in dark and ſtanding foggs,
Where never day ſhines, nothing ever growes,
But weeds and poyſons, that no States-man knowes;
Not *Cerberus* ever ſaw the damned nookes
Hid with the veiles of womens vertuous lookes.
But what a cloud of ſulphur have I drawne
Up to my boſome in this dangerous ſecret?
Which if my haſt (with any ſpark) ſhould light
Ere *D' Ambois* were engag'd in ſome ſure plot
I were blowne up; He would be ſure, my death.
Would I had never knowne it, for before
I ſhall perſwade th'importance to *Montſurry*,
And make him with ſome ſtudied ſtratagem,
Train *D' Ambois* to his wreak, his maid may tell it,
Or I (out of my fiery thirſt to play
With the fell Tyger, up in darkneſſe tyed,
And give it ſome light) make it quite break looſe.
I feare it afore heaven, and will not ſee
D' Ambois againe, till I have told *Montſurry*,
And ſet a ſnare with him to free my feares: whoſe there?

Enter Maſſe.

Maſſe. My Lord?
Monſ. Goe call the Count *Montſurry*,
And make the dores faſt, I will ſpeak with none
Till he come to me.
Maſſe. Well my Lord. *Exiturus.*
Monſ. Or elſe
Send you ſome other, and ſee all the dores
Made ſafe your ſelfe I pray, haſt, flie about it.
Maſſe. You'l ſpeak with none but with the Count *Montſurry*.
Mont. With none but hee except it be the Guiſe.
Maſſe. See even by this, there's one exception more,
Your Grace muſt be more firme in the command,

Or elſe ſhall I as weakly execute.
The Guiſe ſhall ſpeak with you?
Monſ. He ſhall I ſay.
Maffe. And Count *Montſurry*?
Monſ. I, and Count *Montſurry*.
Maffe. Your Grace muſt pardon me, that I am bold
To urge the cleare and full ſence of your pleaſure;
Which when ſo ever I have knowne, I hope
Your Grace will ſay, I hit it to a haire.
Monſ. You have.
Maffe. I hope ſo, or I would be glad.——
Monſ. I pray thee get thee gone, thou art ſo tedious
In the ſtrickt forme of all thy ſervices,
That I had better have one negligent.
You hit my pleaſure well, when *D' Ambois* hit you,
Did you not, think you?
Maffe. *D' Ambois?* why my Lord?
Monſ. I pray thee talk no more, but ſhut the dores.
Doe what I charge thee.
Maffe. I will my Lord, and yet
I would be glad the wrong I had of *D' Ambois*——
Monſ. Precious! then it is a Fate that plagues me
In this mans foolery, I may be murthered
While he ſtands on protection of his folly.
Avant about thy charge.
Maffe. I goe my Lord.
I had my head broke in his faithfull ſervice,
I had no ſuit the more, nor any thanks,
And yet my teeth muſt ſtill be hit with *D' Ambois*.
D' Ambois my Lord ſhall know.——
Monſ. The devill and *D' Ambois*. *Exit Maffe.*
How am I tortur'd with this truſty foole?
Never was any curious in his place
To doe things juſtly, but he was an Aſſe:
We cannot finde one truſty that is witty,
And therefore beare their diſproportion.
Grant thou great ſtarre, and angell of my life,
A ſure leaſe of it but for ſome few dayes,

That

That I may cleare my boſome of the Snake
I cheriſht there, and I will then defie
All check to it but Natures, and her Altars
Shall crack with veſſels crown'd with ev'ry liquor
Drawn from her higheſt, and moſt bloudy humors.
I feare him ſtrangely, his advanced valour
Is like a ſpirit rais'd without a circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
And for whoſe fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter Maſſe haſtily.

Maſſe. I cannot help it, what ſhould I do more?
As I was gathering a fit Guard to make
My paſſage to the dores, and the dores ſure,
The man of bloud is enter'd.

Monſ. Rage of death.
If I had told the ſecret, and he knew it,
Thus had I bin endanger'd: —— My ſweet heart!
How now? what leap'ſt thou at?

Enter D' Ambois.

D' Amb. O royall object.

Monſ. Thou dream'ſt awake: Object in th'empty aire?

D' Amb. Worthy the browes of *Titan*, worth his chaire.

Monſ. Pray thee what mean'ſt thou?

D' Amb. See you not a Crowne
Empale the forehead of the great King Monſieur?

Monſ. O fie upon thee.

D' Amb. Prince, that is the Subject
Of all theſe your retir'd and ſole diſcourſes.

Monſ. Wilt thou not leave that wrongfull ſuppoſition?

D' Amb. Why wrongfull? to ſuppoſe the doubtleſſe right
To the ſucceſſion worth the thinking on.

Monſ. Well, leave theſe jeſts, how I am over-joyed
With thy wiſh'd preſence, and how fit thou com'ſt,
For of mine honour I was ſending for thee.

D' Amb. To what end?

Monſ. Onely for thy company,
Which I have ſtill in thought, but that's no payment
On thy part made with perſonall appearance.

Thy abſence ſo long ſuffered oftentimes
Put me in ſome little doubt thou do'ſt not love me.
Wilt thou doe one thing therefore now ſincerely?
D'Amb. I, any thing, but killing of the King.
Monſ. Still in that diſcord, and ill taken note?
How moſt unſeaſonable thou playeſt the Cucko,
In this thy fall of friendſhip?
D'Amb. Then doe not doubt,
That there is any act within my nerves,
But killing of the King that is not yours.
Monſ. I will not then; to prove which by my love
Shewne to thy vertues, and by all fruits elſe
Already ſprung from that ſtill flouriſhing tree,
With whatſoever may hereafter ſpring,
I charge thee utter (even with all the freedome
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendſhip)
The full and plaine ſtate of me in thy thoughts.
D'Amb. What, utter plainly what I think of you?
Monſ. Plaine as truth.
D'Amb. Why this ſwims quite againſt the ſtream of greatnes.
Great men would rather heare their flatteries,
And if they be not made fooles, are not wiſe.
Monſ. I am no ſuch great foole, and therefore charge thee
Even from the root of thy free heart diſplay mee.
D'Amb. Since you affect it in ſuch ſerious termes,
If your ſelfe firſt will tell me what you think
As freely and as heartily of me,
I'le be as open in my thoughts of you.
Monſ. A bargain of mine honour; and make this,
That prove we in our full diſſection
Never ſo foule, live ſtill the ſounder friends.
D'Amb. What elſe Sir? come pay me home, ile bide it bravely.
Monſ. I will I ſweare. I think thee then a man,
That dares as much as a wilde horſe or Tyger;
As headſtrong and as bloody; and ſo feed
The ravenous wolfe of thy moſt Caniball valour,
(Rather than not employ it) thou would'ſt turne
Hackſter to any whore, ſlave to a Jew,

Or

Or Engliſh uſurer, to force poſſeſſions,
And cut mens throats of morgaged eſtates;
Or thou would'ſt tire thee like a Tinkers ſtrumpet,
And murther market folks, quarrell with ſheepe,
And runne as mad as *Ajax*; ſerve a Butcher,
Doe any thing but killing of the King:
That in thy valour th'art like other naturalls,
That have ſtrange gifts in nature, but no ſoule
Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a peece,
But ſtop at humours, that are more abſurd,
Childiſh and villanous than that hackſter, whore,
Slave, cut-throat, Tinkers bitch, compar'd before:
And in thoſe humours would'ſt envie, betray,
Slander, blaſpheme, change each houre a religion;
Doe any thing, but killing of the King;
That in thy valour (which is ſtill the dunghill,
To which hath reference all filth in thy houſe)
Th'art more ridiculous and vaine-glorious
Than any Mountibank; and impudent
Than any painted Bawd; which, not to ſooth
And glorifie thee like a *Iupiter Hammon*,
Thou eat'ſt thy heart in vineger; and thy gall
Turns all thy blood to poyſon, which is cauſe
Of that Toad-poole that ſtands in thy complexion;
And makes thee (with a cold and earthy moiſture,
Which is the damme of putrifaction,
As plague to thy damn'd pride) rot as thou liv'ſt;
To ſtudy calumnies and treacheries;
To thy friends ſlaughters, like a Scrich-owle ſing,
And to all miſchiefes, but to kill the King.

D'Amb. So: Have you ſaid?

Monſ. How think'ſt thou? Doe I flatter?
Speak I not like a truſty friend to thee?

D'Amb. That ever any man was bleſt withall;
So here's for me: I think you are (at worſt)
No devill, ſince y'are like to be no King;
Of which, with any friend of yours Ile lay
This poore Stillado here, gainſt all the ſtarres,

I, and

I, and 'gainſt all your treacheries, which are more;
That you did never good, but to doe ill;
But ill of all ſorts, free and for it ſelfe:
That (like a murthering peece, making lanes in Armies
The firſt man of a rank, the whole rank falling)
If you have wrong'd one man, you are ſo farre
From making him amends, that all his race,
Friends and aſſociates fall into your chace:
That y'are for perjuries the very prince
Of all intelligencers; and your voice
Is like an Eaſterne winde, that where it flies,
Knits nets of Catterpillars, with which you catch
The prime of all the fruits the Kingdome yeelds.
That your politicall head is the curſt fount
Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty,
Tyrannie & Atheiſme flowing through the realme.
That y'ave a tongue ſo ſcandalous, 'twill cut
The pureſt Chriſtall; and a breath that will
Kill to that wall a ſpider; you will jeſt
With God, and your ſoule to the devill tender
For luſt; kiſſe horror, and with death engender.
That your foule body is a Lernean fenne
Of all the maladies breeding in all men.
That you are utterly without a ſoule:
And (for your life) the thred of that was ſpunne,
When *Clotho* ſlept, and let her breathing rock
Fall in the durt; and *Lacheſis* ſtill drawes it,
Dipping her twiſting fingers in a boule
Defil'd, and crown'd with vertues forced ſoule.
And laſtly (which I muſt for Gratitude
Ever remember) That of all my height
And deareſt life, you are the onely ſpring,
Onely in royall hope to kill the King.

Monſ. Why now I ſee thou lov'ſt me, come to the banquet-

Exeunt.

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus

Actus Quarti Scena Prima.

Henry, Monſieur with a Letter, Guiſe, Montſurry, Buſſy, Elynor, Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte, Anable, Pyrha, with foure Pages.

Henr. LAdies, ye have not done our banquet right,
Nor lookt upon it with thoſe cheerefull rayes
That lately turn'd your breaths to flouds of gold;
Your looks, me thinks, are not drawne out with thoughts,
So cleare and free as heretofore, but foule
As if the thick complexions of men
Govern'd within them.
Buſſ. 'Tis not like my Lord
That men in women rule, but contrary;
For as the Moone (of all things God created)
Not only is the moſt appropriate image
Or glaſſe to ſhew them how they wax and wane,
But in her height and motion likewiſe beares
Imperiall influences that command
In all their powers, and make them wax and wane;
So women, that (of all things made of nothing)
Are the moſt perfect Idols of the Moone,
(Or ſtill-unwean'd ſweet Moon-calves with white faces)
Not only are paterns of change to men:
But as the tender Moon-ſhine of their beauties
Cleares, or is cloudy, make men glad or ſad,
So then they rule in men, not men in them.
Monſ. But here the Moons are chang'd (as the King notes)
And either men rule in them, or ſome power
Beyond their voluntary faculty:
For nothing can recover their loſt faces.
Montſur. None can be alwayes one: our griefes and joyes
Hold ſeverall ſcepters in us, and have times
For their divided Empires: which griefe now, in them
Doth prove as proper to his diadem.
D' Amb. And griefe's a naturall ſickneſſe of the bloud,

That time to part asks, as his comming had;
Onely ſleight fooles griev'd, ſuddenly are glad;
A man may ſay t'a dead man, be reviv'd,
As well as to one ſorrowfull, be not griev'd.
And therefore (Princely Miſtreſſe) in all warres
Againſt theſe baſe foes that inſult on weakneſſe,
And ſtill fight hous'd, behind the ſhield of Nature,
Of priviledge law, treachery, or beaſtly need,
Your ſervant cannot help; authority here
Goes with corruption; ſomething like ſome States,
That back woorſt men; valour to them muſt creepe
That (to themſelves left) would feare him aſleepe.
Duches. Ye all take that for grauted, that doth reſt
Yet to be prov'd; we all are as we were,
As merry, and as free in thought as ever.
Gui. And why then can ye not diſcloſe your thoughts?
Tamy. Me thinks the man hath anſwer'd for us well.
Monſ. The man? why Madam d'ee not know his name?
Tamy. Man is a name of honour for a King:
Additions take away from each chiefe thing:
The Schoole of Modeſty, not to learne, learnes Dames:
They ſit in high formes there, that know mens names.
Monſ. Heark ſweet heart, here's a bar ſet to your valour:
It cannot enter here; no, not to notice
Of what your name is; your great Eagles beak
(Should you flie at her) had as good encounter
An Albion cliffe, as her more craggy liver.
D' Amb. Ile not attempt her Sir; her ſight and name
(By which I onely know her) doth deter me.
Henr. So doe they all men elſe.
Monſ. You would ſay ſo
If you knew all.
Tamy. Knew all my Lord? what meane you?
Monſ. All that I know Madam.
Tamy. That you know? ſpeak it.
Monſ. No tis enough I feele it.
Henr. But me thinks
Her Courtſhip is more pure then heretofore:

True Courtiers ſhould be modeſt, and not nice:
Bold, but not impudent: pleaſure love, not vice.
Monſ. Sweet heart, come hither: what if one ſhould make
Horns at *Mountſurry*? would it not ſtrike him jealous
Through all the proofes of his chaſte Ladies vertues?
D'Amb. If he be wiſe, not.
Monſ. What? not if I ſhould name the Gardener,
That I would have him think hath grafted him?
D'Amb. So the large licence that your greatneſſe uſes
To jeſt at all men, may be taught indeed
To make a difference of the grounds you play on,
Both in the men you ſcandall, and the matter.
Monſ. As how? as how?
D'Amb. Perhaps led with a traine, where you may have
Your noſe made leſſe, and ſlit, your eyes thruſt out.
Monſ. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.
Who dares doe that? the brother of his King?
D'Amb. Were your King brother in you, all your powers
(Stretcht in the armes of great men and their Bawds)
Set cloſe downe by you, all your ſtormy lawes
Spouted with Lawyers mouthes, and guſhing bloud,
Like to ſo many Torrents, all your glories,
(Making you terrible, like enchanted flames,
Fed with bare cockſcombs, and with crooked hammes)
All your prerogatives, your ſhames and tortures,
All daring heaven, and opening hell about you,
Were I the manye wrong'd ſo, and provok'd,
(Though ne're ſo much beneath you) like a box tree
I would (out of the roughneſſe of my root)
Ramme hardneſſe, in my lowneſſe, and like death
Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through all
Honors and horrors, thorow foule and faire,
And from your whole ſtrength toſſe you into the aire.
Monſ. Goe, th'art a devill; ſuch another ſpirit
Could not be ſtill'd from all th'Armenian dragons.
O my Loves glory: heire to all I have:
That's all I can ſay, and that all I ſweare.
If thou out-live me, as I know thou muſt,

Or elſe hath nature no proportion'd end
To her great labours: ſhe hath breath'd a minde
Into thy entrails, of deſert to ſwell
Into another great *Auguſtus Caſar:*
Organs, and faculties fitted to her greatneſſe:
And ſhould that periſh like a common ſpirit,
Nature's a Courtier and regards no merit.
Henr. Here's nought but whiſpering with us: like a calme
Before a tempeſt, when the ſilent ayre
Layes her ſoft eare cloſe to the earth to hearken
For that ſhe feares ſteales on to raviſh her;
Some Fate doth joyne our eares to heare it comming.
Come, my brave eagle, let's to Covert flie:
I ſee Almighty *Æther* in the ſmoak
Of all his clowds deſcending, and the skie *Exit Henr. with*
Hid in the dim oſtents of Tragedy. *D' Amb. & Ladies.*
Guiſ. Now ſtirre the humour, and begin the brawle.
Mont. The King and *D' Ambois* now are growne all one.
Monſ. Nay, they are two my Lord.
Mont. How's that? *Monſ.* No more.
Mont. I muſt have more my Lord.
Monſ. What more than two?
Mont. How monſtrous is this?
Monſ. Why?
Mont. You make me Horns.
Monſ. Not I, it is a work without my power,
Married mens enſignes are not made with fingers?
Of divine Fabrique they are, Not mens hands;
Your wife, you know, is a meere *Cynthia*,
And ſhe muſt faſhion hornes out of her Nature.
Mont. But doth ſhe? dare you charge her? ſpeak falſe Prince.
Monſ. I muſt not ſpeak my Lord: but if you'l uſe
The learning of a noble man, and read,
Here's ſomething to thoſe points: ſoft you muſt pawne
Your honour having read it to return it. *Enter Tamira & Pero.*
Mont. Not I, I pawne mine Honour for a paper?
Monſ. You muſt not buy it under.
Exeunt Guiſe and Monſieur.

Mont.

Mont. Keepe it then,
And keepe fire in your boſome.
Tam. What ſayes he?
Mont. You muſt make good the reſt.
Tam. How fares my Lord?
Takes my Love any thing to heart he ſayes?
Mont. Come, y'are a,— *Tam.* What my Lord?
Mont. The plague of *Herod*
Feaſt in his rotten entrailes.
Tam. Will you wreak
Your angers juſt cauſe given by him, on me?
Mont. By him?
Tamy. By him my Lord, I have admir'd
You could all this time be at concord with him,
That ſtill hath plaid ſuch diſcords on your honour?
Mont. Perhaps tis with ſome proud ſtring of my wives.
Tam. How's that, my Lord?
Mont. Your tongue will ſtill admire,
Till my head be the miracle of the world.
Tam. O woe is me. *She ſeemes to ſound.*
Pero. What does your Lordſhip meane?
Madam, be comforted; my Lord but tries you.
Madam? Help good my Lord, are you not mov'd?
Doe your ſet looks print in your words your thoughts?
Sweet Lord, cleare up thoſe eyes, unbend that masking forehead,
Whence is it you ruſh upon her with theſe Iriſh warres,
More full of ſound then hurt? but it is enough,
You have ſhot home, your words are in her heart;
She has not liv'd to beare a triall now.
Mont. Look up my Love, and by this kiſſe receive
My ſoule amongſt thy ſpirits for ſupply
To thine chac'd with my fury.
Tam. O my Lord,
I have too long liv'd to heare this from you.
Mont. 'Twas from my troubled bloud, and not from me:
I know not how I fare; a ſudden night
Flowes through my entrailes, and a headlong Chaos
Murmurs within me, which I muſt digeſt;

And not drowne her in my confuſions,
That was my lives joy, being beſt inform'd:
Sweet, you muſt needs forgive me, that my love
(Like to a fire diſdaining his ſuppreſſion)
Rag'd being diſcourag'd; my whole heart is wounded
When any leaſt thought in you is but touch't,
And ſhall be till I know your former merits:
Your name and memory altogether crave
In juſt oblivion their eternall grave;
And then you muſt heare from me, there's no meane
In any paſſion I ſhall feele for you:
Love is a raſor cleanſing being well us'd,
But fetcheth blood ſtill being the leaſt abus'd:
To tell you briefly all; The man that left me
When you appear'd, did turne me worſe than woman,
And ſtab'd me to the heart thus, with his fingers.

Tamy. O happy woman! Comes my ſtain from him?
It is my beauty, and that innocence proves,
That flew *Chymæra*, reſcu'd *Peleus*
From all the ſavage beaſts in Peleon;
And rais'd the chaſte Athenian Prince from hell:
All ſuffering with me; they for womens luſts,
I for a mans; that the Eg an Fable
Of his foule ſinne would empty in my lap:
How his guilt ſhunn'd me? ſacred innocence
That where thou fear'ſt, are dreadfull; and his face
Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in chace:
Come, bring me to him: I will tell the ſerpent
Even to his venom'd teeth (from whoſe curſt ſeed
A pitcht field ſtarts up 'twixt my Lord and me)
That his throat lies, and he ſhall curſe his fingers,
For being ſo govern'd by his filthy ſoule.

Mont. I know not, if himſelfe will vaunt t'have beene
The princely Author of the ſlaviſh ſinne,
Or any other; he would have reſolv'd me,
Had you not come; not by his word, but writing,
Would I have ſworne to give it him againe,
And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

Tam.

Tam. See how he flies me ſtill: Tis a foule heart
That feares his owne hand: Good my Lord make haſte
To ſee the dangerous paper: Papers hold
Oft-times the formes, and copies of our ſoules,
And (though the world deſpiſe them) are the prizes
Of all our honors, make your honour then
A hoſtage for it, and with it conferre
My neereſt woman here, in all ſhe knowes;
Who (if the ſunne or *Cerberus* could have ſeene
Any ſtaine in me) might as well as they:
And *Pero*, here I charge thee by my love,
And all proofes of it, (which I might call bounties)
By all that thou haſt ſeene ſeeme good in mee,
And all the ill which thou ſhouldſt ſpit from thee,
By pity of the wound this touch hath given me,
Not as thy Miſtreſſe now, but a poore woman
(To death given over) rid me of my paines,
Powre on thy powder: cleare thy breaſt of me:
My Lord is only here: here ſpeak thy worſt,
Thy beſt will doe me miſchiefe; If thou ſpar'ſt me,
Never ſhine good thought on thy memory:
Reſolve my Lord, and leave me deſperate.

Pero. My Lord? My Lord hath plaid a prodigals part,
To break his Stock for nothing; and an inſolent,
To cut a Gordian when he could not looſe it:
What violence is this, to put true fire
To a falſe train? To blow up long crown'd peace
With ſudden outrage? and beleeve a man
Sworne to the ſhame of women, 'gainſt a woman,
Borne to their honours; but I will to him.

Tam. No, I will write (for I ſhall never more
Meet with the fugitive) where I will defie him,
Were he ten times the brother of my King.
To him my Lord, and ile to curſing him. *Exeunt.*

Enter D'Ambois and Frier.

D'Amb. I am ſuſpitious my moſt honour'd Father,
By ſome of Monſieurs cunning paſſages,
That his ſtill ranging and contentious noſethrils,

To

To ſcent the haunts of miſchiefs, have ſo us'd
The vicious vertue of his buſie ſence,
That he trails hotly of him, and will rowze him,
Driving him all enrag'd, and foming on us;
And therefore have entreated your deepe skill,
In the command of good aeriall ſpirits,
To aſſume theſe Magick rites, and call up one
To know if any have reveal'd unto him
Any thing touching my deare Love and me.

Frier. Good ſonne you have am:z'd me but to make
The leaſt doubt of it, it concernes ſo neerely
The faith and reverence of my name and order.
Yet will I juſtifie upon my ſoule
All I have done, if any ſpirit i'th earth or aire
Can give you the reſolve, doe not deſpaire.

Muſick: and Tamira enters with Pero and her maid, bearing a Letter.

Tam. Away, deliver it: O may my lines *Exit Pero.*
(Fill'd with the poyſon of a womans hate
When he ſhall open them) ſhrink up his curſt eyes
With torturous darkneſſe, ſuch as ſtands in hell,
Stuck full of inward horrors, never lighted;
With which are all things to be fear'd, affrighted.

D'Amb. How is it with my honour'd Miſtreſſe?

Tam. O ſervant help, and ſave me from the gripes
Of ſhame and infamy. Our love is knowne,
Your Monſieur hath a paper where is writ
Some ſecret tokens that decipher it.

D'Amb. What cold dull Northern brain, what foole but he,
Durſt take into his Epimethean breaſt
A box of ſuch plagues as the danger yeelds,
Incur'd in this diſcovery? He had better
Ventur'd his breaſt in the conſuming reach
Of the hot ſurfets caſt out of the clouds,
Or ſtood the bullets that (to wreak the skie)
The Cyclops ramme in *Ioves* artillerie.

Frier. We ſoone will take the darkneſſe from his face
That did that deed of darkneſſe; we will know

What

What now the Monſieur and your husband doe;
What is contain'd within the ſecret paper
Offer'd by Monſieur, and your loves events:
To which ends (honour'd daughter) at your motion
I have put on theſe exorciſing Rites,
And, by my power of learned holineſſe
Vouchſaft me from above, I will command
Our reſolution of a raiſed ſpirit.

Tamy. Good Father raiſe him in ſome beauteous forme,
That with leaſt terror I may brook his ſight.

Frier. Stand ſure together then what ere you ſee,
And ſtir not, as ye tender all our lives. *He puts on his robes.*

Occidentalium legionum ſpiritualium imperator (magnus ille Behemoth) veni, veni, comitatus cum Aſaroth locotenente invicto. Adjuro te per ſtygis inſcrutabilia arcana, per ipſos irremeabiles anfractus averni: adeſto ô Behemoth, tu cui pervia ſunt Magnatum ſcrinia; veni, per Noctis & tenebrarum abdita profundiſſima; per labentia ſydera; per ipſos motus horarum furtivos, Hecateſq; altum ſilentium: Appare in forma ſpiritali, lucente ſplendida & amabili.

Thunder. *Aſcendit.*

Beh. What would the holy Frier?

Frier. I would ſee
What now the Monſieur and *Mountſurrie* doe;
And ſee the ſecret paper that the Monſieur
Offer'd to Count *Montſurry*, longing much
To know on what events the ſecret loves
Of theſe two honour'd perſons ſhall arrive.

Beh. Why calledſt thou me to this accurſed light?
To theſe light purpoſes? I am Emperor
Of that inſcrutable darkneſſe, where are hid
All deepeſt truths, and ſecrets never ſeene,
All which I know, and command Legions
Of knowing ſpirits that can doe more then theſe.
Any of this my guard that circle me
In theſe blew fires, and out of whoſe dim fumes
Vaſt murmurs uſe to break, and from their ſounds
Articular voyces, can doe ten parts more
Than open ſuch ſleight truths, as you require.

Frier. From the laſt nights black depth, I call'd up one
Of the inferiour ableſt Miniſters,
And he could not reſolve me; ſend one then
Out of thine owne command, to fetch the paper
That Monſieur hath to ſhew to Count *Montſurry.*
Beh. I will: *Cartophylax*: thou that properly
Haſt in thy power all papers ſo inferib'd,
Glide through all barres to it, and fetch that paper.
Car. I will. *A Torch removes.*
Frier. Till he returnes (great prince of darkneſſe)
Tell me, if Monſieur and the Count *Montſurry*
Are yet encounter'd.
Beh. Both them and the Guiſe
Are now together.
Frier. Shew us all their perſons,
And repreſent the place, with all their actions.
Beh. The ſpirit will ſtrait return, and then Ile ſhew thee:
See he is come; why brought'ſt thou not the paper?
Cart. He hath prevented me, and got a ſpirit
Rais'd by another, great in our command,
To take the guard of it before I came.
Beh. This is your ſlackneſſe, not t'invoke our powers
When firſt your acts ſet forth to their effects;
Yet ſhall you ſee it, and themſelves: behold
They come here & the Earle now holds the paper. *Ent. Monſ. Gui. Mont. with a paper*
D' Amb. May we not heare them?
Monſ. No, be ſtill and ſee.
D' Amb. I will goe fetch the paper.
Frier. Doe not ſtirre.
There's too much diſtance, and too many locks
Twixt you and them: (how neere ſo e're they ſeeme)
For any man to interrupt their ſecrets.
Tam. O honour'd ſpirit, flie into the fancie
Of my off aded Lord: and doe not let him
Beleeve what there the wicked man hath written.
Pro. Perſwaſion hath already enter'd him
Beyond reflection; peace till their departure.
Monſ. There is a glaſſe of Ink where you may ſee

How

How to make ready black fac'd Tragedy:
You now diſcerne, I hope through all her paintings,
Her gaſping wrinkles, and fames ſepulchres.
Gui. Think you he faines my Lord? what hold you now?
Doe we maligne your wife: or honour you?
Monſ. What ſtricken dumb? nay fie, Lord be not danted:
Your caſe is common: were it ne're ſo rare
Beare it as rarely: now to laugh were manly:
A worthy man ſhould imitate the weather
That ſings in tempeſts: and being cleare is ſilent.
Gui. Goe home my Lord, and force your wife to write
Such loving lines to *D' Amboys* as ſhe us'd
When ſhe deſir'd his preſence.
Monſ. Doe my Lord,
And make her name her conceal'd meſſenger:
That cloſe and moſt inennerable Pander
That paſſeth all our ſtudies to exquire:
By whom convay the letter to her love:
And ſo you ſhall be ſure to have him come
Within the thirſty reach of your revenge;
Before which, lodge an ambuſh in her chamber
Behind the arras of your ſtouteſt men
All cloſe and ſoundly arm'd: and let them ſhare
A ſpirit amongſt them, that would ſerve a thouſand.

Enter Pero with a Letter.

Gui. Yet ſtay a little: ſee ſhe ſends for you.
Monſ. Poore, loving Lady, ſhe'le make all good yet,
Think you not ſo my Lord? *Exit Mont. and ſtabs Pero.*
Gui. Alas poore ſoule.
Monſ. This was cruelly done y'faith.
Per. T'was nobly done.
And I forgive his Lordſhip from my ſoule.
Monſ. Then much good doo't thee *Pero*: haſt a letter?
Per. I hope it rather be a bitter volume
Of worthy curſes for your perjury.
Guiſe. To you my Lord.
Monſ. To me? Now out upon her.
Gui. Let me ſee my Lord.

Mons. You shall presently: how fares my *Pero? Enter servant.*
Who's th re? take in this Maid, sh'as caught a clap,
And fetch my Surgeon to her; Come my Lord,
We'l now peruse our letter. *Exeunt Mons. Guise.*
Per. Furies rise *Lead her out.*
Out of the black lines, and torment his soule.
Tam. Hath my Lord slaine my woman?
Beh. No, she lives.
Com. What shall become of us?
Beh. All I can say
Being call'd thus late, is briefe, and darkly this:
If *D'Ambois* Mistresse die not her white hand
In his forc'd bloud, he shall remaine untoucht:
So Father, shall your selfe, but by your selfe;
To make this Augurie plainer: when the voyce
Of *D'Amboys* shall invoke me, I will rise,
Shining in greater light, and shew him all
That will betide ye all; meane time be wise,
And curb his valour, with your policies. *Descendit cum suis.*
Buss. Will he appeare to me, when I invoke him?
Frier. He will: be sure.
Buss. It must be shortly then:
For his dark words have tyed my thoughts on knots
Till he dissolve, and free them.
Tam. In meane time
Deare servant, till your powerfull voice revoke him,
Be sure to use the policy he advis'd:
Lest fury in your too quick knowledge taken
Of our abuse, and your defence of me,
Accuse me more than any enemy:
And Father, you must on my Lord impose
Your holiest charges, and the Churches power,
To temper his hot spirit: and disperse
The cruelty and the bloud, I know his hand
Will showre upon our heads, if you put not
Your finger to the storme, and hold it up,
As my deare servant here must doe with Monsieur.
Bus. Ile sooth his plots, and strow my hate with smiles,

Till

Till all at once the cloſe mines of my heart
Riſe at full date, and ruſh into his bloud:
Ile bind his arme in ſilk, and rub his fleſh,
To make the veine ſwell, that his ſoule may guſh
Into ſome kennell, where it longs to lie,
And policy ſhall be flanckt with policy.
Yet ſhall the feeling center where we meet
Groane with the wait of my approaching feet:
Ile make th'inſpired threſhals of his Court
Sweat with the weather of my horrid ſteps
Before I enter: yet will I appreare
Like calme ſecurity, before a ruine:
A Politician, muſt like lightning melt
The very marrow, and not taint the skin:
His wayes muſt not be ſeene, the ſuperficies
Of the greene center muſt not taſte his feet;
When hell is plow'd up with his wounding tracts,
And all his harveſt reap't by helliſh facts. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus Quinti Scena Prima.

Montſurry bare, unbrac't, pulling Tamyra in by the haire, Frier, One bearing light, a ſtandiſh and paper, which ſets a Table.

Tamy. O Help me Father.
Frier. Impious Earle forbeare.
Take violent hand from her, or by mine order
The King ſhall force thee.
Monſ. Tis not violent; come you not willingly?
Tamy. Yes good my Lord.
Frier. My Lord remember that your ſoule muſt ſeek
Her peace, as well as your revengefull bloud:
You ever to this houre have prov'd your ſelfe
A noble, zealous, and obedient ſonne,
T'our holy mother: be not an Apoſtate:

Your wives offence ſerves not, (were it the worſt
You can imagine, without greater proofes)
To ſever your eternall bonds, and hearts;
Much leſſe to touch her with a bloudy hand:
Nor is it manly (much leſſe husbandly)
To expiate any frailty in your wife,
With churliſh ſtrokes, or beaſtly ods of ſtrength:
The ſtony birth of clowds, will touch no lawrell,
Nor any ſleeper; your wife is your lawrell,
And ſweeteſt ſleeper; doe not touch her then
Be not more rude than the wild ſeed of vapour,
To her that is more gentle than that rude;
In whom kind nature ſuffer'd one offence
But to ſet off her other excellence.

Mont. Good Father leave us: interrupt no more
The courſe I muſt runne for mine honour ſake.
Rely on my love to her, which her fault
Cannot extinguiſh: will ſhe but diſcloſe
Who was the ſecret miniſter of her love,
And through what maze he ſerv'd it, we are friends.

Frier. It is a damn'd work to purſue thoſe ſecrets,
That would ope more ſinne, and prove ſprings of ſlaughter;
Nor is't a path for Chriſtian feet to tread;
But out of all way to the health of ſoules;
A ſinne impoſſible to be forgiven:
Which he that dares commit——.

Mont. Good Father ceaſe: your terrors
Tempt not a man diſtracted; I am apt
To outrages that I ſhall ever rue:
I will not paſſe the verge that bounds a Chriſtian,
Nor break the limits of a man nor husband.

Com. Then heaven inſpire you both with thoughts and deeds
Worthy his high reſpect, and your owne ſoules.

Tamy. Father. *Frier.* I warrant thee my deareſt daughter
He will not touch thee, think'ſt thou him a Pagan;
His honor and his ſoule lies for thy ſafety. *Exit.*

Mont. Who ſhall remove the mountaine from my breſt,
Stand the opening furnace of my thoughts,

And

And ſet fit out-cries for a ſoule in hell? *Mont. turnes akey.*
For now it nothing fits my woes to ſpeak,
But thunder, or to take into my throat
The trump of Heaven; with whoſe determinate blaſts
The windes ſhall burſt, and the devouring ſeas
Be drunk up in his ſounds; that my hot woes
(Vented enough) I might convert to vapour,
Aſcending from my infamie unſeene;
Shorten the world, preventing the laſt breath
That kils the living, and regenerates death.

Tamy. My Lord, my fault (as you may cenſure it
With too ſtrong arguments) is paſt your pardon:
But how the circumſtances may excuſe mee
Heaven knowes, and your more temperate minde hereafter
May let my penitent miſeries make you know.

Mont. Hereafter? Tis a ſuppos'd infinite,
That from this point will riſe eternally:
Fame growes in going; in the ſcapes of vertue
Excuſes damne her: They be fires in Cities
Enrag'd with thoſe winds that leſſe lights extinguiſh.
Come Syren, ſing, and daſh againſt my rocks
Thy ruffin Gally, rig'd with quench for luſt:
Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice,
With which thou drew'ſt into thy ſtrumpets lap
The ſpawne of *Venus*; and in which ye danc'd;
That, in thy laps ſteed, I may digge his tombe,
And quit his manhood with a womans ſleight,
Who never is deceiv'd in her deceit.
Sing, (that is, write) and then take from mine eyes
The miſts that hide the moſt inſcrutable Pandar
That ever lapt up an adulterous vomit:
That I may ſee the devill, and ſurvive
To be a devill, and then learne to wive:
That I may hang him, and then cut him downe,
Then cut him up, and with my ſoules beams ſearch
The cranks and cavernes of his braine, and ſtudy
The errant wilderneſſe of a womans face;
Where men cannot get out, for all the Comets

That

That have beene lighted at it; though they know
That Adders lie a ſunning in their ſmiles,
That Baſilisks drink their poyſon from their eyes,
And no way there to coaſt out to their hearts;
Yet ſtill they wander there, and are not ſtay'd
Till they be fetter'd, nor ſecure before
All cares devoure them, nor in humane Conſort
Till they embrace within their wives two breaſts
All Pelion and Cytharon with their beaſts.
Why write you not?

Tam. O, good my Lord forbeare
In wreak of great faults to engender greater,
And make my Loves corruption generate murther.

Mont. It followes needfully as childe and parent;
The chaine-ſhot of thy luſt is yet aloft,
And it muſt murther; tis thine owne deare twinne:
No man can adde height to a womans ſinne.
Vice never doth her juſt hate ſo provoke,
As when ſhe rageth under vertues cloake.
Write; for it muſt be: by this ruthleſſe ſteele,
By this impartiall torture, and the death
Thy tyrannies have invented in my entrails,
To quicken life in dying, and hold up
The ſpirits in fainting, teaching to preſerve
Torments in aſhes, that will ever laſt.
Speak: Will you write?

Tam. Sweet Lord enjoyne my ſinne
Some other penance than what makes it worſe:
Hide in ſome gloomie dungeon my loth'd face,
And let condemned murtherers let me downe
(Stopping their noſes) my abhorred food.
Hang me in chaines, and let me eat theſe armes
That have offended: Binde me face to face
To ſome dead woman, taken from the Cart
Of Execution, till death and time
In graines of duſt diſſolve me; Ile endure:
Or any torture that your wraths invention
Can fright all pitie from the world withall:

But to betray a friend with shew of friendship,
That is too common for the rare revenge
Your rage affecteth; here then are my breasts,
Last night your pillowes; here my vvretched armes,
As late the wished confines of your life;
Now break them as you please, and all the bounds
Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mont. Where all these have bin broken, they are kept,
In doing their justice there with any shew
Of the like cruell cruelty; Thine armes have lost
Their priviledge in lust, and in their torture
Thus they must pay it. *Stabs her.*

Tam. O Lord.

Mont. Till thou writ'st
Ile write in wounds (my wrongs fit characters)
Thy right of sufferance. Write.

Tam. O kill me, kill me.
Deare husband be not crueller than death;
You have beheld some Gorgon: Feele, O feele
How you are turn'd to stone; with my heart blood
Dissolve your selfe againe, or you will grow
Into the image of all Tyrannie.

Mont. As thou art of adultry, I will ever
Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster:
Thus I expresse thee yet. *Stabs her againe.*

Tam. And yet I live.

Mont. I, for thy monstrous idoll is not done yet,
This toole hath wrought enough: now Torture use *Ent. servan.*
This other engine on th'habituate powers
Of her thrice damn'd and whorish fortitude.
Use the most madding paines in her that ever
Thy venoms sok'd through, making most of death;
That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and then
Stand vengeance on thy steepest rock a victor.

Tamy. O who is turn'd into my Lord and husband?
Husband? My Lord? None but my Lord and husband?
Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sinnes.
Not of my paines; husband, O help me husband.

Aſcendit Frier with a ſword drawne.

Frier. What rape of honour and religion?
O wrack of nature! *Falls and dies.*

Tam. Poore man: O my Father,
Farher, look up; O let me downe my Lord,
And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodigies!
What new flame breakes out of the firmament,
That turnes up counſels never knowne before?
Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven ſtands ſtill;
Even Heaven it ſelfe muſt ſee and ſuffer ill:
The too huge bias of the world hath ſway'd
Her back-part upwards, and with that ſhe braves
This Hemiſphere, that long her mouth hath mockt:
The gravity of her religious face,
(Now growne too waighty with her ſacriledge,
And here diſcern'd ſophiſticate enough)
Turnes to th' Antipodes: and all the formes
That her illuſions have impreſt in her,
Have eaten through her back: and now all ſee,
How ſhe is riveted with hypocriſie:
Was this the way? was he the mean betwixt you?

Tam. He was, he was, kind worthy man he was.

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Tamy. I will, I will.
Ile write but with my bloud that he may ſee,
Theſe lines come from my wounds & not from me. *Writes.*

Mont. Well might he die for thought: me thinks the frame
And ſhaken joynts of the whole world ſhould crack
To ſee her parts ſo diſproportionate;
And that his generall beauty cannot ſtand
Without theſe ſtaines in the particular man.
Why wander I ſo farre? here, here was ſhe
That was a whole world without ſpot to me,
Though now a world of ſpots; oh what a lightning
Is mans delight in women? what a bubble
He builds his ſtate, fame, life on, when he marries?
Since all earths pleaſures are ſo ſhort and ſmall,

The way t'enjoy it, is t'abjure it all.
Enough: I muſt be meſſenger my ſelfe,
Diſguis'd like this ſtrange creature: in, Ile after,
To ſee what guilty light gives this Cave eyes,
And to the world ſing new impieties. *Exeunt.*

He puts the Frier in the vault and follows, She raps her ſelf in the Arras.

Enter Monſieur and Guiſe.

Monſ. Now ſhall we ſee that nature hath no end
In her great works, reſponſive to their worths,
That ſhe that makes ſo many eyes and ſoules
To ſee, and fore-ſee, is ſtark blind her ſelfe,
And as illiterate men ſay Latine prayers
By rote of heart, and dayly iteration,
Not knowing what they ſay; ſo Nature layes
A deale of ſtuffe together, and by uſe
Or by the meere neceſſity of matter
Ends ſuch a work, fills it, or leaves it empty
Of ſtrength, or vertue, error, or cleare truth,
Not knowing what ſhe does, but uſually
Gives that which ſhe calls merit to a man,
And beliefe muſt arrive him on huge riches,
Honour, and happineſſe, that effects his ruine.
Even as in ſhips of warre whole laſts of powder
Are laid (me thinks) to make them laſt and guard,
When a diſorder'd ſpark that powder taking,
Blowes up with ſodaine violence and horror
Ships that (kept empty) had ſayl'd long with terror.

Guiſe. He that obſerves but like a worldly man
That which doth oft ſucceed, and by th'events
Values the worth of things, will think it true
That Nature works at random, juſt with you:
But with as much proportion ſhe may make
A thing that from the feet up to the throat
Hath all the wondrous fabrique man ſhould have,
And leave it headleſſe for a perfect man;
As give a full man valour, vertue, learning,
Without an end more excellent then thoſe
On whom ſhe no ſuch worthy part beſtowes.

Monſ. Yet ſhall you ſee it here, here will be one
Young, learned, valiant, vertuous, and full mann'd,
One on whom nature ſpent ſo rich a hand,
That with an ominous eye ſhe wept to ſee
So much conſum'd her vertuous treaſurie.
Yet as the winds ſing through a hollow tree,
And (ſince it lets them paſſe through) let's it ſtand;
But a tree ſolid (ſince it gives no way
To their wild rage) they rend up by the root:
So this whole man
(That will not wind with every crooked way,
Trod by the ſervile world) ſhall reele and fall
Before the frantick puffes of blind borne chance,
That pipes through empty men, and makes them dance.
Not ſo the Sea raves on the Libian ſands,
Tumbling her billowes in each others neck:
Not ſo the ſurges of the Euxian Sea
(Neere to the frotty pole, where free *Bootes*
From thoſe dark deep vvaves turnes his radiant teame,)
Swell (being enrag'd even from their inmoſt drop)
As fortune ſwings about the reſtleſſe ſtate
Of vertue, now throwne into all mens hate.

Enter Montſurry diſguis'd with the murtherers.

Away my Lord, you are perfectly diſguis'd,
Leave us to lodge your ambuſh.

Montſ. Speed me vengeance. *Exit.*

Monſ. Reſolve my Maſters, you ſhall meet with one
Will try what proofes your privy coats are made on:
When he is entred, and you heare us ſtamp,
Approach, and make all ſure.

Murth. We vvill my Lord. *Exeunt.*

D' Ambois with two Pages with Tapers.

D' Amb. Sit up to nighr, and vvatch, Ile ſpeak vvith none
But the old Frier, who bring to me.

Pa. We will Sir. *Exeunt.*

D' Amb. What violent heat is this? me thinks the fire
Of twenty lives doth on a ſuddaine flaſh
Through all my faculties: the ayre goes high

In

In this cloſe chamber, and the frighted earth *Thunder.*
Trembles, and ſhrinks beneath me; the whole houſe
Nods with his ſhaken burmen: bleſſe me, heaven.

Enter Umb. Frier.

Vmb. Note what I want deare ſonne, and be fore-warn'd.
O there are bloudy deeds paſt and to come:
I cannot ſtay, a fate doth raviſh me:
Ile meet thee in the chamber of thy love. *Exit.*

D'Amb. What diſmall change is here? the good old Frier
Is murther'd; being made knowne to ſerve my love;
And now his reſtleſſe ſpirit would fore-warne me
Of ſome plot dangerous, and imminent.
Note what he wants? he wants his upper weed,
He wants his life, and body: which of theſe
Should be the want he meanes, and may ſupply me
With any fit fore-warning? this ſtrange viſion,
(Together with the dark prediction
Us'd by the Prince of darkneſſe that was rais'd
By this embodied ſhadow) ſtirre my thoughts
With reminiſcion of the Spirits promiſe,
Who told me, that by any invocation
I ſhould have power to raiſe him; though it wanted
The powerfull words, and decent rites of Art;
Never had my ſet braine ſuch need of ſpirit,
T'inſtruct and cheere it; now then I will claime
Performance of his free and gentle vow,
T'appeare in greater light; and make more plain
His rugged Oracle: I long to know
How my deare Miſtreſſe fares; and be inform'd
What hand ſhe now holds on the troubled bloud
Of her incenſed Lord: me thought the Spirit
(When he had utter'd his perplext preſage)
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds;
His forehead bent, as it would hide his face;
He knockt his chin againſt his darkned breaſt,
And ſtruck a churliſh ſilence through his pow'rs.
Terror of darkneſſe, O thou King of flames,
That with thy Muſique-footed horſe doſt ſtrike

The cleare light out of chryſtall, on dark earth,
And hurlſt inſtructive fire about the world,
Wake, wake, the drowſie and enchanted night,
That ſleepes with dead eyes in this heavy riddle;
Or thou great Prince of ſhades where never ſunne
Stickes his far-darted beames, whoſe eyes are made
To ſhine in darkneſſe, and ſee ever beſt
Where men are blindeſt, open now the heart
Of thy abaſhed oracle, that for feare
Of ſome ill it includes would faine lie hid,
And riſe thou with it in thy greater light.
Thunders. *Surgit Spiritus cum ſuis.*
Sp. Thus to obſerve my vow of apparition
In greater light, and explicate thy fate,
I come; and tell thee that if thou obey
The ſummons that thy miſtreſſe next will ſend thee,
Her hand ſhall be thy death.
D'Amb. When will ſhe ſend?
Sp. Soone as I ſet againe, where late I roſe.
D'Amb. Is the old Frier ſlaine?
Sp. No, and yet lives not.
D'Amb. Died he a naturall death?
Sp. He did.
D'Amb. Who then
Will my deare miſtreſſe ſend?
Sp. I muſt not tell thee.
D'*Amb.* Who lets thee?
Sp. Fate.
D'Amb. Who are fates miniſters?
Sp. The Guiſe and Monſieur.
D'*Amb.* A fit paire of ſheeres
To cut the threds of Kings, and kingly ſpirits,
And conſorts fit to ſound forth harmony,
Set to the fals of Kingdomes: ſhall the hand
Of my kind Miſtreſſe kill me?
Sp. If thou yeeld, *Thunders.*
To her next ſummons; y'are faire warn'd: farewell. *Exit.*
D'*Amb.* I muſt fare well, how ever: though I die

My

My death conſenting with his augurie;
Should not my powers obay when ſhe commands,
My motion muſt be rebell to my will:
My will to life, if when I have obay'd,
Her hand ſhould ſo reward me: they muſt arme it,
Binde me or force it: or I lay my life
She rather would convert it many times
On her owne boſome, even to many deaths:
But were there danger of ſuch violence,
I know 'tis farre from her intent to ſend:
And who ſhe ſhould ſend is as farre from thought,
Since he is dead, whoſe only mean ſhe us'd. *Knocks.*
Whoſe there? look to the dore: and let him in,
Though politick Monſieur, or the violent Guiſe.

Enter Montſurry like the Frier, with a Letter written in bloud.

Mont. Haile to my worthy ſonne.

D'Amb. O lying Spirit!
To ſay the Frier was dead; Ile now beleeve
Nothing of all his forg'd predictions.
My kinde and honour'd Father, well reviv'd,
I have beene frighted with your death, and mine,
And told my Miſtreſſe hand ſhould be my death
If I obeyed this ſummons.

Montſ. I beleev'd your love had bin much clearer, then to give
Any ſuch doubt a thought, for ſhe is cleare,
And having freed her husbands jealouſie,
(Of which her much abus'd hand here is witneſſ:)
She prayes for urgent cauſe your inſtant preſence.

D'Amb. Why then your prince of ſpirits may be call'd
The prince of lyers.

Montſ. Holy writ ſo calls him.

D'Amb. What? writ in bloud?

Mont. I, 'tis the ink of lovers.

D'Amb. O, 'tis a ſacred witneſſ: of her love,
So much elixer of her bloud as this
Dropt in the lighteſt dame, would make her firme
As heat to fire: and like to all the ſignes,

Commands

Commands the life confinde in all my veines;
O how it multiplies my bloud with ſpirit,
And makes me apt t'encounter death and hell;
But, come kinde Father; you fetch me to heaven,
And to that end your holy weed was given. *Exeunt.*

Thunder. Intrat Vmbra Frier, and diſcovers Tamyra.

Frier. Up with theſe ſtupid thoughts, ſtill loved daughter,
And ſtrike away this heartleſſe trance of anguiſh,
Be like the Sunne, and labour in eclipſes,
Look to the end of woes; oh can you ſit
Muſtering the horrors of your ſervants ſlaughter
Before your contemplation, and not ſtudy
How to prevent it? watch when he ſhall riſe,
And with a ſuddaine out-crie of his murther,
Blow his retreat before he be revenged.

Tamyra. O Father, have my dumb woes wak'd your death?
When will our humane griefes be at their height?
Man is a tree, that hath no top in cares;
No root in comforts; all his power to live
Is given to no end, but have power to grieve.

Frier. It is the miſery of our creation. Your true friend,
Led by your husband, ſhadowed in my weed,
Now enters the dark vault.

Tamyr. But my deareſt Father,
Why will not you appeare to him your ſelfe,
And ſee that none of theſe deceits annoy him.

Frier. My power is limited, alas I cannot,
All that I can doo——See the Cave opens. *Exit.*

D'Amboys at the guiſe.

Tamyr. Away (my Love) away, thou wilt be murther'd.

Enter Monſieur and Guiſe above.

D'Amb. Murther'd? I know not what that Hebrew means:
That word had ne're bin nam'd had all bin *D'Ambois.*
Murther'd? By heaven he is my murtherer
That ſhewes me not a murtherer: what ſuch bugge
Abhorreth not the very ſleepe of *D'Amboys?*
Murther'd? Who dares give all the room I ſee
T'*D'Ambois* reach? or look with any odds

His

His ſight i'th face, upon whoſe hand ſits death;
Whoſe ſword hath wings, and every feather pierceth?
If I ſcape Monſieurs Pothecarie Shops,
Foutir, for Guiſes Shambles, 'twas ill plotted
They ſhould have mall'd me here,
When I was riſing, I am up and ready.
Let in my politique viſitants, let them in,
Though entring like ſo many moving armours,
Fate is more ſtrong than arms, and ſlie than treaſon,
And I at all parts buckl'd in my Fate:

Monſ. Guiſe. Why enter not the coward villains?

D'Amb. Dare they not come?

Enter murtherers with Frier at the other dore.

Tam. They come.

Murth. 1. Come all at once.

Frier. Back coward murtherers, back.

Omn. Defend us heaven. *Exeunt all but the firſt.*

1. Come ye not on?

D'Amb. No, ſlave, nor goeſt thou off.
Stand you ſo firme? Will it not enter here?
You have a face yet: ſo in thy lifes flame
I burne the firſt rites to my Miſtreſſe fame.

Frier. Breath thee brave ſonne againſt the other charge.

D'Amb. O is it true then that my ſenſe firſt told me?
Is my kind Father dead?

Tam. He is my Love.
'Twas the Earle my husband in his weed that brought thee.

Buſſ. That was a ſpeeding ſleight, and well reſembled.
Where is that angry Earle my Lord? Come forth
And ſhew your owne face in your owne affaire;
Take not into your noble veines the blood
Of theſe baſe villaines, nor the light reports
Of bliſter'd tongues, for cleare and weighty truth:
But me againſt the world, in pure defence
Of your rare Lady, to whoſe ſpotleſſe name
I ſtand here as a bulwark, and project
A life to her renowne, that ever yet
Hath beene untainted even in envies eye,

And where it would protect a Sanctuarie.
Brave Earle come forth, and keep your ſcandall in:
'Tis not our fault if you enforce the ſpot,
Nor the wreak yours if you performe it not.

Enter Mont. with all the murtherers.

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or ſpirit beat ye off?
They are your owne faint ſpirits that have forg'd
The fearefull ſhadowes that your eyes deluded:
The fiend was in you; caſt him out then thus.

D' Ambois hath Montſurry downe.

Tam. Favour (my Lord) my Love, O favour him.

Piſtolls ſhot within.

D' Amb. I will not touch him: Take your life, my Lord,
And be appeas'd: O then the coward Fates
Have maim'd themſelves, and ever loſt their honour.
Umb. What have ye done ſlaves? irreligious Lord?
Buſſ. Forbeare them, Father; 'tis enough for me
That Guiſe and Monſieur, death and deſtinie
Come behind *D' Ambois:* is my body then
But penetrable fleſh? And muſt my mind
Follow my blood? Can my divine part adde
No ayd to th'earthly in extremity?
Then theſe divines are but for forme, not fact:
Man is of two ſweet Courtly friends compact;
A Miſtreſſe and a ſervant: let my death
Define life nothing but a Courtiers breath.
Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
Their abſtract being a dreame but of a ſhade.
Ile not complaine to earth yet, but to heaven,
And (like a man) look upwards even in death.
And if *Veſpaſian* thought in majeſtie
An Emperour might die ſtanding, why not I?
Nay without help, in which I will exceed him;
For he died ſplinted with his chamber Groomes.
Prop me, true ſword, as thou haſt ever done: *She offers to help him.*
The equall thought I beare of life and death,
Shall make me faint on no ſide; I am up
Here like a Roman Statue; I will ſtand

Till death hath made me Marble: O my fame
Live in deſpight of murther; take thy wings
And haſte thee where the gray-ey'd morn perfumes
Her Roſie chariot with Sabæan ſpices,
Fly, where the evening from th' Iberean vales,
Takes on her ſwarthy ſhoulders, *Heccate*
Crown'd with a Grove of Oakes: flie where men feele
The burning axeltree: and thoſe that ſuffer
Beneath the chariot of the Snowy Beare:
And tell them all that *D' Ambois* now is haſting
To the eternall dwellers; that a thunder
Of all their ſighes together (for their frailties
Beheld in me) may quit my worthleſſe fall
With a fit volley for my funerall.

Vmb. Forgive thy murtherers.

Buſſ. I forgive them all;
And you my Lord, their fautor; for true ſigne
Of which unfain'd remiſſion, take my ſword;
Take it, and onely give it motion,
And it ſhall finde the way to victory
By his owne brightneſſe, and th' inherent valour
My fight hath ſtill'd into't, with charmes of ſpirit.
Now let me pray you, that my weighty bloud
Laid in one ſcale of your impertiall ſpleene,
May ſway the forfeit of my worthy love
Waid in the other: and be reconcil'd
With all forgiveneſſe to your matchleſſe wife.

Tam. Forgive thou me deare ſervant, and this hand
That lead thy life to this unworthy end,
Forgive it, for the bloud with which 'tis ſtain'd,
In which I writ the ſummons of thy death:
The forced ſummons, by this bleeding wound,
By this here in my boſome: and by this
That makes me hold up both my hands embrew'd
For thy deare pardon.

Buſſ. O, my heart is broken
Fate, nor theſe murtherers, Monſieur, nor the Guiſe,
Have any glory in my death, but this:

This killing ſpectacle: this prodigie:
My ſunne is turn'd to blood in whoſe red beams
Pindus and Oſſa (hid in drifts of ſnow
Laid on my heart and liver; from their veines)
Melt like two hungry torrents: eating rocks
Into the Ocean of all humane life,
And make it bitter, only with my bloud:
O fraile condition of ſtrength, valour; vertue
In me (like warning fire upon the top
Of ſome ſteepe Beacon, on a ſteeper hill)
Made to expreſſe it: like a falling ſtarre
Silently glanc't, that like a thunderbolt,
Look't to have ſtuck and ſhook the firmament. *Moritur.*

Vmb. Frier. Farewell brave reliques of a compleat man.
Look up and ſee thy ſpirit made a ſtarre,
Jove flames with her rules, and when thou ſet'ſt
Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
Make the vaſt chryſtall crack with thy receipt:
Spread to a world of fire, and the aged skie
Cheere with new ſparks of old humanity.

Frier. Son of the earth, whom my unreſted ſoule
Rues t'have begotten in the faith of heaven;
Aſſay to gratulate and pacifie,
The ſoule fled from this worthy by performing
The Chriſtian reconcilement he beſought
Betwixt thee and thy Lady, let her wounds
Manleſly digg'd in her, be eas'd and cur'd
With balme of thine owne teares: or be aſſur'd
Never to reſt free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how ſhe merits this: ſtill kneeling by
And mourning his fall, more than her own fault.

Vmb. Remove, deare daughter, and content thy husband:
So piety wills thee, and thy ſervants peace.

Tamy. O wretched piety, that art ſo diſtract
In thine owne conſtancie; and in thy right
Muſt be unrighteous: if I right my friend
I wrong my husband: if his wrong I ſhunne,
The duty of my friend I leave undone;

Ill playes on both ſides; here and there, it riſeth;
No place: no good ſo good, but ill compriſeth;
O had I never married but for forme,
Never vow'd faith but purpos'd to deceive:
Never made conſcience of any ſinne,
But clok't it privately, and made it common:
Nor never honour'd beene, in blood, or mind,
Happy had I beene then, as others are
Of the like licence; I had then beene honour'd:
Liv'd without envie: cuſtome had benumb'd
All ſenſe of ſcruple, and all note of frailty:
My fame had beene untouch'd, my heart unbroken:
But (ſhunning all) I ſtrike on all offence,
O husband? deare friend? O my conſcience!

Monſ. Come let's away, my ſences are not proofe
Againſt thoſe plaints. — *Exeunt Guiſe, Monſ.*
D'Ambois is borne off.

Mont. I muſt not yeeld to pity nor to love
So ſervile and ſo trayterous: ceaſe my bloud
To wraſtle with my honour, fame, and judgement:
Away, forſake my houſe, forbeare complaints
Where thou haſt bred them: here all things full,
Of their owne ſhame and ſorrow, leave my houſe.

Tam. Sweet Lord forgive me, and I will be gone,
And till theſe wounds, that never balme ſhall cloſe
Till death hath enterr'd at them, ſo I love them
(Being opened by your hands) by death be cur'd
I never more will grieve you with my ſight:
Never endure that any roofe ſhall part
Mine eyes and heaven: but to the open Deſerts
(Like to a hunted Tygres) I will flie:
Eating my heart, ſhunning the ſteps of men,
And look on no ſide till I be arriv'd.

Mont. I doe forgive thee, and upon my knees
With hands (held up to heaven) wiſh that mine honour
Would ſuffer reconcilement to my Love:
But ſince it will not, honour, never ſerve
My Love with flouriſhing object till it ſterve:

And as this Taper, though it upwards look,
Downwards muſt needs conſume, ſo let our love;
As having loſt his hony, the ſweet taſte
Runnes into ſavour, and will needs retaine
A ſpice of his firſt parents, till (like life)
It ſees and dies; ſo let our love: And laſtly,
As when the flame is ſuffer'd to look up,
It keepes his luſter: but, being thus turn'd downe
(His naturall courſe of uſefull light inverted)
His owne ſtuffe puts it out: ſo let our love
Now turne from me, as here I turne from thee,
And may both points of heaven, ſtrait axeltree
Conjoyne in one, before thy ſelfe and me. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Finis Actus Quinti & ultimi.

Epilogue.

Wlth many hands you have ſeene D'Ambois (*ſlaine,*
Yet by your grace he may revive againe,
And every day grow ſtronger in his skill
To pleaſe, as we preſume he is in will.
The beſt deſerving Actors of the time
Had their aſcents; and by degrees did clime
To their full height, a place to ſtudie due
To make him tread in their path lies in you;
Hee'le not forget his Makers; but ſtill prove
His thankfulneſſe as you encreaſe your love.

FINIS.